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SUBMARINE IN ACTION

BY 'BARTIMEUS'

THE early morning mists, which had been drifting about on the surface of the water like wisps of thin fleece, dissolved after the sun had risen as a red lantern lifted above the snowy hills. The shore was still enveloped in fog. The submarine lying alongside the parent ship cast off her wires and slid stern first into the centre of the harbor. Gradually objects ashore became visible — here a house, there a group of trees; color emerged faintly out of the drabness of the winter dawn.

The submarine, water churning under her after hydroplanes, was turning slowly in her own length on the surface. The lieutenant in command, preoccupied with the handling of his ship, had no eyes for the shore. He stood on the low hump of the conning tower with his hands deep in the pockets of his duffel coat, a blue woolen muffler wound round his throat, and a uniform cap, green with age, stuck anyhow on his head. The navigator and the signalman occupied the same small platform beside him; half a dozen men in white jerseys were moving about the hull engrossed in last-minute tasks.

'Half speed ahead both engines,' said

the captain, and glanced for the first time at the shore on his port hand.

The navigator laid off a course to the entrance of the boom defense guarding the harbor. 'We shall pass about half a mile away,' he said. 'Do you want to go any closer? There's plenty of water.'

'No,' said the captain; 'steady as you go.' He pulled a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one, his eyes still on the land.

A few minutes later something white appeared at the window of a cottage by the shore. It waved slowly backwards and forwards. The captain pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and waved it in answer. It wasn't, he reflected, much fun being the wife of a submarine captain these days. He tried to remember how many times that reflection had passed through his mind in that spot. He had always come back, though. 'So far,' added an unbidden voice at the back of his consciousness.

The white object disappeared. That was their agreement. It was no use piling on the agony. He stuffed the handkerchief back into his pocket and looked away from the land.

'The gate is open,' said the navigator.

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He raised his binoculars and stared through them for a moment. 'Our escort is waiting for us.'

'Right,' said the captain curtly. . . .

The captain of the escorting destroyer glanced across the gray tumbling seas to where his charge was showing dark through the wave crests. The light had gone, but low down in the sky to the westward the sullen clouds were red-dened like the rusty bars of an extinct furnace. He turned to his yeoman of signals. 'Make to her: "Propose to turn back now. Will you be all right?"'

The Aldis signal lamp blinked through the gathering dusk. The men on the destroyer's bridge, muffled to the eyes against the bitter wind and drifting spray, watched the submarine as she lifted to each swell to glide like a swimming snake into the dark hollows brushed by the sunset with purple smears. The low hump of the conning tower, surmounted by the periscope shaft, seemed at times to be battling alone against the waves. In all that watery desolation under a darkling sky it suggested a lonely citadel. The men standing on it, their heads and shoulders silhouetted against the foam, acquired from their surroundings a symbolism, as if they were there only to exemplify an ideal of courage and daring.

The lieutenant in command of the submarine read the message. A smile touched the corners of his rather grim young mouth. The signalman beside him raised his portable lamp.

'Yes, thank you,' flickered back across the wave tops.

Again the destroyer's lamp chattered. She had put her helm over and was turning in a wide arc away from the submarine, the wake showing white under the counter.

'Good luck and good hunting, sir,' reported the submarine's signalman. His tone suggested that he knew his captain would be faintly bored by the accustomed valediction.

The latter grunted. 'Make the usual,' he said. 'But I don't like all this damned flashing on the high seas.'

The signalman jerked the trigger of the lamp in a succession of rapid dots and dashes, spelling out: 'The same to you. Thank you for your escort.'

For a while longer the destroyer was visible, little more than a shadow appearing and disappearing across the shifting furrows of the waves, and then the gathering gloom obliterated her.

Beside the captain there were three other men on the submarine's conning-tower platform: the torpedo lieutenant, the signalman, and a lookout. They all had binoculars raised to their eyes and were watching different sectors of the sea, moving their heads slowly as the glass traveled through its arc and back again. They swayed easily to the lurch of the platform, and in their silence and the rhythm of their movements they resembled automatons, waxworks obeying a rather simple mechanical impulse.

'I think a cup of tea, now that's all over,' said the captain. He glanced down the open hatch of the conning tower, up the shaft of which came the drone of the Diesel engines and a man's voice singing, a bit out of tune, 'If you were the only girl in the world.'

The torpedo lieutenant lowered his glasses and turned his face from the sea. Framed by the hood of his duffel coat, he looked at the moment like a grave and rather æsthetic young monk.

'Will you keep her on the surface?' he asked.

'No. We'll have it in comfort. I don't like being on the surface in this light, anyway.'

'I've got a pot of cherry jam,' said the youthful monk. 'My ma sent it to me. I've been saving it for this trip.'

The captain pressed a knob, and the harsh note of the Klaxon rang through the hull beneath their feet. The signalman and the lookout lowered themselves swiftly down the shaft, followed by the two officers. The captain paused for a

swift glance round before descending; the roar of the Diesel engines ceased and was succeeded by the soft purr of the motors. Visibility had closed in on them to a few hundred yards; the broken seas rushed past, sluicing round the base of the conning tower, and vanished into the gloom in an endless tumult of retreat; the air was full of flying spindrift that was freezing on the jumping wires. The captain sprang down the aperture, pulling the hatch to behind him. It locked with a dull thud, and he slid down into the electric-lit control room where the first lieutenant was standing, his face turned expectantly towards him.

'Sixty feet,' he said, and began pulling off his frozen sou'wester and Balaclava as he watched the dials. The first lieutenant gave his orders crisply; the men at the flooding levers obeyed them in a swift sequence with the mechanical efficiency of long years of training. The first lieutenant had the engrossed air of an organist snatching at the stops of his instrument in the sudden *prestissimo* of a musical score. The gradual downward tilt of the floor plates ceased and reached the horizontal. The coxswain and second coxswain, seated at the wheels that controlled the hydroplanes at tail and nose, relaxed their pose of rigid concentration. The hissing ceased.

'Sixty feet, sir!' reported the second in command.

'Right.' The captain moved forward, slapping the icy mush off his gauntlets. 'Let's have some tea. Torps has got some cherry jam.'

'Fine,' echoed the second in command. 'I've been thinking,' he observed as he followed his captain to the tiny ward-room, 'maybe I'll grow a beard this trip.'

The lieutenant in command was watching something through the eyepiece of the periscope. Occasionally he swung it round in a circle, his feet shuffling on the floorplates as he revolved with it, but he always steadied it back on the same bearing.

He had sent the crew to action stations some minutes earlier. The torpedo tubes' crew were closed up in the rear of the tubes. The firing number sat with the levers in front of him, meditatively scratching the tip of his nose. They were shut off from the control room and the silent figure at the periscope by a number of compartments; there was nothing for them to do at the moment. The bow caps were open and the tubes flooded. When the moment came a red lamp would glow and the firing number would pull the lever below it. That was all.

They speculated in undertones about what the captain was watching. In some respects the chaps in the control room were better off, because sometimes the captain passed a remark. That gave them some idea of what was happening on the surface. In that respect the torpedo tubes' crew were as blind as bats and as deaf as David's sow. This they took for granted, accepting it as part of the normal routine of life.

'To grow leeks properly,' said one of them, resuming a discussion interrupted by the flooding of the tubes, 'you want to make a row of holes with a dibber. Then you drop a plant in each hole and pour a drop of water in. That's all. My dad took prizes that way. He had a nice allotment. Five bob a year.'

'I don't fancy leeks much,' said the man next to him. 'Spring onions, yes. But not leeks.'

The firing number yawned, drew a handful of cotton waste out of his pocket and wiped the shining levers, as a headsmen might put a final polish to his axe. Two of the crew nudged each other. Five days before they sailed, the firing number's house had been demolished by a bomb. His wife was safe, but the child, a girl of five, was dead when they pulled her out of the débris. He had four days' leave to bury her.

Oddly enough, at the moment he was thinking about his childhood: about a bit of waste ground where he played robbers with a boy called Ned Mawley. They

used to lie in wait among the bramble bushes and hold up imaginary coaches. Ned had a pistol that made a bang when it fired, and a bull's-eye lantern. He had a wooden sword and a fireman's helmet. Ned wore an Indian feather headdress that his granny bought him at the Yuletide Bazaar. . . . He wondered what happened to Ned. Whether he married and had a kid and whether — and then the sick angry ache, which wasn't in his heart and wasn't properly in his stomach, but swamped all his being in a flood of misery, flowed back into his consciousness.

The gun's crew and the ammunition supply party stood beneath the gun hatch round the open cavern of the magazine. Like the torpedo tubes' crew, they were quite ignorant of what was afoot. All they knew was that at any moment the floor plates might tilt steeply upwards, the captain would shout, 'Man the gun!' and they would fling open the hatch above them, hurl themselves up on to the gun platform as the submarine plunged to the surface, slam a round into the breech, and let fly at whatever target they found there. Surface fights with the gun were usually fights to the death. If you were holed, you couldn't dive again. You had to get in the first shot and hit with it.

The cook was down in the magazine. That was his job at action stations — handing up the projectiles to the man on the deck above him. He was a Frenchman. The crew were secretly rather proud of having a Free Frenchman to cook for them. For one thing, he was a first-rate cook, and for another they were the only boat with a Frenchie on board. His name was John Daw. At least they maintained he said it was when he joined up. Actually what he said was Gendorre.

He didn't look like a Frenchie. He looked more like a Dane or a Swede. His father had been a Breton fisherman. Anyhow, he took to the submarine life

like a duck to water, and he saved a drop of his daily tot of rum to pour into the rice pudding when he made one. This endeared him to his shipmates to an extraordinary degree.

John Daw sat in the magazine on a box of cartridges, nursing a projectile on his knees. He had a wife, but no children. Until the debacle he had regretted this; now he was glad. He did not know where his wife was. When General de Gaulle hoisted the banner of Free France he was in a ship at Havre. There was a debate among the crew, but John Daw took no part in it. His mind was already made up. He had private rather than political reasons for wishing to continue to fight Germans. He had no desire to discuss them, but they were good reasons.

At the moment he was thinking about a feather mattress in his apartment in Havre. It was a superb mattress. It was a stupendous affair. To go to bed was for him to tumble into a cloud. It was the kind of bed a heathen emperor would choose for his divertisement. And now for all he knew a dirty Boche was sleeping in it in his jack boots. A Boche. An accursed German. He spat, and then looked up quickly to see if anyone had observed him. They did not encourage one to spit in their submarines, these British. He stretched out his foot and rubbed it on the floor.

The only person who knew what was happening on the surface was the lieutenant in command. His brain, as he stared at what the periscope mirrored, was absorbed in intricate calculations. Every few moments the water, a green and effervescing opalescence, swirled over the periscope; then it cleared and he saw his objective for a moment. In those moments he had to estimate its course, speed, and range in relation to his own; he had to decide on his tactics, to forecast those of the enemy if they sighted the feather of his periscope. Occasionally he gave an order for an alteration of course. The enemy convoy

he was stalking — six ships, screened by three destroyers — was zigzagging from port to starboard. The sun was behind the target, and, in the momentary glimpses he got, the glare on a wave top made observation difficult; moreover, it increased the danger of the enemy lookouts' sighting the feather of his periscope. At any moment one of the destroyer escort might turn and come rushing towards him. The decision rested with him, and with him alone, how near he was justified in approaching before he fired: every minute increased the likelihood of hitting the target, and at the same time of his detection and destruction. There would come a moment when these two considerations would balance precisely one against the other. His conscience and his experience alone decided on that moment.

The first lieutenant stood watching him, thumbing the bristles of his incipient beard. A phrase he had once read — some politician had used it — passed through his mind: 'the appalling loneliness of High Command.' But there was no loneliness of command on land or sea, or in the air, equivalent to that of a submarine captain during an attack. All other leaders in war were fortified in their decisions by the presence of someone. It might be just one subordinate, it might be an army; but in any case that witness saw what he saw, formed independent judgments, remembered afterwards. No leader, no human being, was oblivious of this observation. It would act like a brake on a rash impulse, a spur to wavering courage. But the submarine captain was, in the secret places of his soul, the sole judge and jury of his actions, then and forever afterwards.

Fire!

The firing number jerked back the lever. A brief vibration shook the submarine.

'Down periscope. Port twenty-five!'

The hum of the motors was the only

sound in the interior. The captain stood watching the minute hand creep round the dial of the clock. At dial, wheel, or lever the rest sat in an absorbed intensity, listening. The navigator bent over his plot with a pencil, recording the alteration of course. The minutes passed, leaden seconds overtaken by the quick thudding of their hearts. The first lieutenant reassured himself as to the progress of his beard. His forefinger made a monotonous grating sound that helped to drown the pulses drumming in his ears.

The submarine shuddered.

Instantly the tension relaxed. A murmur of voices was succeeded by the curt order 'Up periscope.' For a few seconds the captain stood crouched at the eyepiece and suddenly straightened, rapping out a succession of orders. The first lieutenant translated them into the minutiae of flooding and trimming. The deck tilted steeply downwards, and after a while leveled up again. The motors had stopped; there was a profound silence. 'We bagged the leading ship in the convoy,' said the captain, his eye on the depth gauge. 'But I think one of the destroyers saw the track of the torpedo. She turned at full speed towards us. Stand by for a depth charge.'

A concussion shook the hull as if it had been struck by a gigantic sledge hammer; it flung the speaker off his feet. Another succeeded it; and then another, still more violent, extinguished all the lights amid a tinkle of broken glass. The beam of an electric torch swept round the compartment, revealing successive forms of men standing at their posts, set faces staring out of Balaclavas, hands gripping a wheel or a lever, the captain bent over trying to reduce a dislocated thumb. The light passed on over the hull in search of leaks.

'Fit spare lamp bulbs,' said the first lieutenant's quiet voice. The beam of his torch traveled over his captain again.

'Are you all right, sir?'

'Yes. I only sat on my thumb. Go

forward and see if she's all right. Is the pilot there?'

'Sir?'

'Come here and give a haul on this thumb of mine.'

Another depth charge detonated over their heads. The air in the interior seemed to contract and expand again.

'Not so bad that time. She can take it, lads. Don't worry.'

The stoker who operated the mechanism that raised or lowered the periscope had nothing to do, because the submarine was far beneath periscope depth. In the dark soundings to which they had dived, the temperature was never much above freezing, and the interior of the submarine was as cold and clammy as the grave. Every man wore the maximum number of garments he could pull over himself, but even a duffel coat and lammie stockings could not keep warmth in their bodies. The stoker lay shivering on the floor plates beside his mechanism, watching the clock. To occupy their minds he and the man next to him had a succession of small bets on when the next depth charge would detonate. He tried to remember how many hours they had been lying submerged. The air had grown foul and heavy, and his head throbbed, but the hunt had moved off on a false trail; the explosions were growing fainter. Not but what they mightn't turn round and come back again. But for the time being things weren't so bad, except that his nose would bleed. Some of them didn't mind depth charges, or pretended they didn't — even went so far as to turn into their bunks and snore, or read a book. He pretended he didn't mind, but he did. He minded like hell. He'd got no job, that was his trouble; but he had to stand by in case they suddenly went to periscope depth.

Humph! went a depth charge. A long way off. Not so much a noise as a jolt. 'That's tenpence — let's see — one and fourpence to me and ninepence to you,'

said his neighbor on Z tank flooding lever. 'That's — let's see . . . it's a job to reckon figures with your head spinning — eight — no, sevenpence you owe —'

'Don't talk so much,' said the torpedo lieutenant. 'Save the oxygen for breathing.'

There was a distant clink of metal against metal. The engineers were repairing a leaking gland, and one had dropped a spanner on the hull plating.

The first lieutenant tiptoed aft into the engine room. 'Chief, don't let them make a noise. A hydrophone could easily pick up that infernal racket just now.'

The engineer lieutenant's face appeared at an aperture in the floor plates. 'I know, I know. I'm sorry, Number One. But you come and try to work on the leaks in these conditions. We're soaked through; half of them have got cramp in the belly and their hands are so cold they can't hold a spanner.'

'It'll be dark in another half-hour. Then we'll surface and give her a blow through and get something hot to drink. Is the leak bad?'

'Not so bad that I can't stop it.'

The speaker's head disappeared abruptly beneath the floor plates like an exhausted jack-in-the-box.

Where he stood, the first lieutenant could see his reflection in a bit of burnished metal. He did not consciously contemplate himself as in a mirror. He had looked up and caught sight of an unfamiliar bearded face reflected on the surface of the metal. For a moment he wondered who it was, and then he realized that it was himself. He felt an absurd complacency, as if in some way this really very impressive beard was the fruit of some unusual quality in himself. Then he realized that only time was responsible, the slow inevitable passing of the days — that and nothing more. And today was the last day of the patrol. In five minutes they would call the captain and, if it was dark enough, go to

the surface and set a course for home. And he was blown if he would shave his beard off when they reached the base, like most of them did. He'd wait and see what the reactions were. Some girls —

'Number One — just a second . . .'
The second officer, the torpedo lieutenant, was on watch at the periscope. 'Just have a squint . . .' He moved aside, surrendering the eyepiece. 'Is it or isn't it? Right in the path of the moon.'

The first lieutenant was nuzzling the rubber pads, motionless as a pointer on a scent. He moved the handles very slightly.

'Stop the motors!' he said suddenly. 'Call the captain! Action stations!'

The lieutenant in command was in his cabin, lying fully dressed on his bunk. He was dreaming about an orchard. His wife, standing on a ladder, was handing down apples to him as she picked them, and his arms were full of them. One threatened to overbalance and fall to the ground, but he couldn't take his eyes off the sunlight in her hair, catching a curl of gold as it came through the leaves.

'Don't drop them,' she said; 'they bruise so.'

'I can't take any more,' he protested. 'It hurts my thumb.'

He awoke instantly as the alarm sounded, and slung his booted legs over the edge of the bunk to see the torpedo lieutenant standing in the doorway.

'There's an enemy submarine in the path of the moon. It's a sitter, sir.' He vanished again.

As a rule, when at the periscope during an attack, the captain said nothing, except to give the necessary orders; but now he developed an unexpected loquacity. 'Golly! It's one of the big ones. . . . It's sitting pretty — port five. . . . Steady as you go.'

The excitement spread through the weary crew and filled the boat with an electrical tension. The firing number sat gripping the lever, watching the disk from under his heavy brows. The rest of the tubes' crew grinned at each other and

rubbed their hands, but his face was expressionless, inscrutable.

'Right in the path of the moon,' exulted one of the gun's crew. He bent down and looked into the mouth of the open magazine, where John Daw sat nursing a projectile. 'D'you hear that, Johnnie? There's an enemy submarine sitting in the track of the moon and the captain's drawn a bead on her.'

John Daw nodded in the gloom of the compartment. '*Si, si.* I understand — *au clair de la lune.* In France we 'ave a song. Listen — I sing it.' And in a cracked falsetto he began: —

*'Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un —'*

The shock of the torpedo leaving the tube interrupted the singer. The firing number released the lever, folded his hands in his lap like a child in a Sunday-school class, and sat quite motionless, his head bent a little in an attitude of listening. The long wait for the detonation of the torpedo was, as far as he was concerned, the worst part of any trip. The suspense was worse than depth-charging, especially at the end of a patrol when one was a bit tired for want of sleep and fresh air and daylight. A drop of perspiration fell from his brow on to his folded hands. In the utter stillness a man standing behind him sighed deeply. If they missed that shot, he would, he thought, cry like a woman. It would be a disappointment beyond all human endurance.

The hull quivered as if a shudder had run through her entire structure. They could hear the captain's voice, wild with excitement, shouting orders aft. 'We've got her,' said an exultant voice behind him. A heavy hand smote him on the back. 'We've got her, boy, we've got her!' The bows tilted steeply upwards.

The lieutenant in command rushed for the conning tower and began to climb the perpendicular ladder. There was no time to get rid of the accumulated pres-

sure of air through the vents. A glance at the pressure indicator told him that the rush of air, when he flung open the hatch, would be strong enough to blow him through it. 'Hold on to me,' he shouted back at the signalman at his heels. The man obeyed, clinging to his captain's knees with all his weight. The captain flung open the hatch, and the rush of liberated air blew his binoculars vertically above his head.

'All right,' he gasped. The signalman released him and he climbed out into the moonlight. It was a calm night; what wind there was came to his nostrils laden with the reek of oil fuel. He shouted down a course and speed, steering up wind.

'Oh, my word!' exclaimed the navigator as he joined him. They sniffed in unison.

'Can you smell it?' asked the captain.

'Smell it! I should say so. And look!' He pointed across the waves, tipped with silver by the moon. A dark patch of oil was visible ahead, extinguishing the sheen of light. They circled it, staring through glasses in search of wreckage.

'It looked to me like a mine layer,' said the captain. 'I fancy we touched off their mines. It was a hell of an explosion. I don't think we'll waste time hanging round in this light. We'll beat it.'

'Aye, aye, sir.' The navigator awaited the orders for course and speed.

The captain seemed to emerge from a momentary reverie.

'Home, James!' he said.

John Daw was making a rice pudding. It would be the last dinner of the trip and he meant it to be a success. Properly there should be cream and the peel of lemons and kirsch. He had none of these ingredients. He had condensed milk and he had rum. Oh, what a drink, this rum of the British Navy! Better than cognac, better than absinthe. A beverage for heroes. Formidable! It fortified a man like a great hate. And, since he nourished a great hatred in his heart,

he was able to spare some of his rum for the rice pudding. He measured it out of a little flat bottle into the condensed milk, beating it up with a fork. In any case it was right that he should give some of his rum to his comrades. Had they not torpedoed a German supply ship and a submarine? That put something on the credit side of an account nothing could ever balance. A supply ship and a submarine. Not much, but something. Many lives, no doubt, but not enough.

Sometimes, because they were the two in all the crew who had most cause to hate the Germans, he cooked a little private mess for supper and took it along to the tall torpedoman with the unhappy eyes. He told him, moreover, what he had told nobody else — the reason for his hate.

The tall man ate the supper and nodded, and said nothing. That was the British way, not always comprehensible to the French; but to a Breton sailor, more so.

A man passing the galley put his head in and sniffed. He had shaved and washed and smelt of soap. 'How are we lookin' up, Johnnie?'

'Me, I am fine. I make a rice pudding. Wiz rum — you can smell. And I sing you a song. Listen.' And, beating time with the fork, he began: —

*'Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot . . .'*

Up on the conning-tower platform the captain smiled as the words drifted up the shaft. They were through the gate in the boom defense. Through his glasses he could see the depot ship and the shore and a cottage with a leafless orchard behind.

'We can go closer inshore if you like, sir,' observed the navigator. 'There's plenty of water.'

The captain made a little negative movement of the head. The improvised splint made his bandaged thumb stick up vertically, as he held the binoculars to his eyes. 'No, steady as you go.'

I HEAR AUSTRALIANS SINGING

BY DAVID L. COHN

I HEAR Australians singing. Their voices come to me across deserts and oceans, borne upon wings swifter than the light. They are singing in Cyrenaica; debarking with song at Singapore. I hear them amid the noises of city streets, in my bed at midnight awakening. Nothing can come between us because we need nothing for our communication. This is a music that static cannot distort, nor the jamming apparatus of the enemy hinder. I hear Australians singing from the ends of the earth. Their voices come to me steady and clear and loud.

The English, too, are singing. They are dying, their homes are smashed to rubble, but they are singing. Theirs is a song so calm, so full of certainties, that no man who loves the high heart can listen without being moved as English voices are lifted in 'There'll Always Be An England.' *Always*, mind you.

Men whistle in the dark to keep up their courage, but they sing when they are happy, at peace with themselves, and with the world. But can men be at peace with themselves in the midst of carnage and tears? England gives answer. On the first day of war — far away and long ago on September 3, 1939 — Winston Churchill said to his countrymen: 'Outside the storms of war may blow and the land may be lashed with the fury of its gales, but in our hearts this Sunday morning there is Peace.'

One asks: 'Is this a Peace that passes our understanding?'

Here in the United States we are not at war; our cup runneth over with butter.

But we are not at Peace. We do not sing. Is it because we are coming so dilatorily to the aid of those who have been fighting our battles as well as their own, and fearful lest our aid arrive too late to save ourselves? Is it that, although like has been calling to like, brother to brother, Christian to Christian, and slave to freedman, this nation, free and Christian, has turned its head away only to be jolted out of its sleep by voices that enter through no sentient ear? Is it that we have been weighing the martyrdom of man against cash, securities, and lend-lease? That the descendants of those who dreamed upon this continent a world-transforming dream and created an earth-reverberating poem are frightened lest the dream dissolve and the poem be lost beyond recapture? Or that we feel creeping upon us an icy loneliness — the loneliness of a people upon an island with empty oceans lapping our shores and the world beyond sunk in barbarism, a world more remote than China was from Europe when Marco Polo went out from Venice?

Look at us. While the world — ours as well as the other fellow's, if you grant the brotherhood of man — is consumed by such obscene cruelties that the imagination mercifully reels, we blow thin drafts of words down the necks of one another. Mr. Henry Ford bids us supply Nazis and English with weapons so that they may both be destroyed — 'then the United States can play the rôle for which it has the strength and the ability.' The rôle, that is, of cosmic

undertaker and ghoul prowling amid the ruins of Europe. This is the terrible idea of our greatest industrialist. It is shared with him to the full by Josef Stalin. Mr. Charles Lindbergh, saying a plague on both your houses, suggests we abandon the world to Hitler and the Japanese while we live safely in a sterile desert. Then there are the Committees. Touch an American these days and he proliferates into a Committee. For example, there is the America First Committee. First in what? In humanitarianism? In generosity? In far-ranging wisdom? Testifying a short while ago before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, General R. E. Wood, of the America First group, said he didn't like to cast aspersions but he felt that possibly the British had not revealed to us their true money position. Maybe they have got a few more dollars. Maybe we can get them. There never yet was a gold sovereign, however stained with blood, which could not be washed and made as shiny and as spendable as ever.

In the land and in the Congress, talk winds its weary length. Every sonorous period of the 'statesmen' — politicians who utter guaranteed-for-ten-days platitudes — reverberates in millions of homes. (When Andrew Jackson couldn't get satisfaction in a controversy with France, he ordered the Navy made ready. Settlement soon followed.) Isolationist Senators promise us security. What if it is the security of a grain-elevator mouse lying beneath piles of barley encased in cement and guarded by soldiers? It's security, isn't it, even if on a rodent level?

The interventionist Senators, on the other hand, do us a greater wrong and understand us less than the isolationists. They are bewildering us with a slogan at once metaphysical and narcotic: 'All aid to Britain short of war.' This phrase has so many possible meanings that nobody can know what it means. At what point do we go 'short of war'? When the British are licked? Then if, as the interven-

tionist Senators postulate, British survival is essential to our survival as a free people, are we to aid the British up to the point when they have been defeated, or shall we, by war if necessary, keep them from being defeated? As it stands the whole concept, it seems to me, has more than a touch of Mussolini in it, and almost anything that he touches, we now know, turns into a retreat. It was his bright idea to pitch in when the enemy had been licked. It is our idea apparently — going Il Duce one better — to lick the enemy by staying out of war completely. But if the worst comes to the worst and we must fight, then we shall fight for two things; first, for self-preservation; second, to keep world markets open for American mouthwash, canned grapefruit, wallpaper, and other things.

Now all this, I submit, is sordid. Worse, it is anæsthetic and defeatist. Still worse, it violates the American soul. If it be said that self-preservation is a basic law of life, it is a law that applies to animals as well as to men. A rat, a rabbit, a snake, will fight when cornered. Such action is reflex, involuntary, instinctive. Man presents a different case. He too will fight when cornered. But in man the refusal to fight save in self-defense may be not only profoundly immoral but morally catastrophic. For man is a willing and purposeful creature. He can make his world. He can lift up his eyes to the hills and achieve the summits. Sometimes he decrees golden domes to arise upon the flat plains of his existence. And whenever he has done so he has been at peace with himself and approached a little nearer to the angels. Morality, moreover, — despite the cynics, — pays. But immorality must be paid for.

The truth of this, and the meaning of these words as they are used here, may be illuminated by well-known facts. The British and French Tories, isolationists, and 'practical' men shamelessly, and against all their plighted words both to the nations involved and to the League

of Nations, abandoned the Chinese, the Ethiopians, the Austrians, the Czechs, the loyalist Spaniards. Those abandoned have shed blood, wept, and been enslaved. But the French too have wept, shed blood, and been enslaved, while Britain struggles for her life. Saving these peoples in the name of humanity, the British and the French would have saved themselves. Long ago it was written: *What I gave, I have.*

Such arguments, I am told, are sentimental. One must appeal now to men's minds, but not their hearts, for we have belatedly become a logical people. Logic is a coat that we do not wear well. We are awkward and constrained within it like a yokel dressed for a fashionable ball. An illogical people, we are at our best when we are illogical, for then we are most ourselves. We are the *only* nation that personified, *on the day of its birth*, a spiritual, social, and political Brotherhood of Man. We laid down as a fundamental right of Americans — right, mind you — the pursuit of happiness. This is not logic, but flaming, star-reaching idealism. We continue to this day to be a feeling rather than a thinking people; intelligent but non-intellectual; earthy for all that we are now largely urban; and poetical despite our seeming toughness — poetical in the sense that we arrive at truth, as do the poets, without going through a tortuous process of ratiocination. That is why the people, in the recent crises, have been so far ahead of the Congress.

And the world's most illogical people — the English? When Mr. Churchill be-

came Prime Minister, what did he promise his people? 'Blood and sweat and tears.'

Logical? Hardly. Yet Churchill's people have followed him into the valley of the shadow of death exalted by his eloquence and his vision. Would anyone deny that the Prime Minister's phrases as they go winging around the earth, touching the peaks of men's souls with light, are worth a squadron of battle-ships to his country? Yet they are not the cold words of the logician, nor the calculating words of the trader, but the symbols of a poet who stirs the comprehending heart. Little wonder that the Australians are singing at Cyrenaica and debarking with song at Singapore, while I, transiently in a Boston hotel room, hear them and am moved. There is a day, there is an hour, there is a minute when — we know not how — the flesh is made whole.

Logic will not stir us. We ask for bread, and our leaders give us a stone. Let them remember that there is in this land a fierce alchemy which can transmute base metal into gold, the dull jewel into the living light, the agate eye into the piercing vision. There is something to fight for. There is something, I believe, for which Americans will fight: our soul's repose, and a world made in our own splendid image. Walt Whitman, most American of American poets, knew us better than our Congressmen: —

I speak the pass-word primeval, I give the sign of democracy,

By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

THE PRICE OF DEFEAT

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

I

WHAT does it mean to be a Frenchman? Up to less than a year ago, I should not have thought of asking myself that question any more than why I had been born with two arms and two legs.

I had been born in France, educated in France. I had lived there most of my life. I had traveled about and knew the physical aspect of my country well. I liked the diversity of France, its various provinces and its changing climate. Whenever I came back after a trip abroad, I was overcome by a sense of recognition: the air, the light, the fields, the trees, the cities and villages, gave me the same impression of intimate familiarity as looking at my own face in a mirror. I did not say to myself, 'This is France and I am French,' because one does not formulate the obvious. But somehow or other the mere sight of a church spire, or a road bordered with poplars, the taste of bread, the infinite complexity of familiar perceptions, reasserted the subconscious ties that, since birth, had identified me with this particular spot on the planet.

I knew the French, too, those living at the same moment as myself and the uncountable millions who, through the ages, had lived and suffered and worked and died to make us what we were: a people that had done great things, produced great men, and could still do great things and take credit for its share in the making of civilization.

I knew our faults, too, and could be annoyed by them. I liked to read Sten-

dhal, who sincerely thought he disliked the French because he said they were 'vain and vivacious' — he who was himself supremely vivacious and vain.

I do not know whether I was patriotic. I do not even know whether I was a 'good Frenchman.' I had never asked myself those questions. During the first thirty years of my life I was more interested in literature, music, and art than in politics. But when politics — in the broadest sense of the term — became my main preoccupation, as it is that of most men now, it did not occur to me that those who had opinions different from my own were less 'good Frenchmen' than those who thought the way I did. It always seemed to me that one of the greatest advantages of being French was precisely the freedom to disagree with others.

Altogether, and as far as I can remember what I felt on such a subject only a few months ago, I had never experienced any conflict between the consciousness of my own existence as a human being and the accidental fact that I had been born French. France, it seemed to me, stood for certain values that were universal enough, human enough, broad enough to endure and transcend many wars, many revolutions, and the special talent of the French people to dissent and quarrel among themselves.

I never thought that France could be destroyed. I do not believe it now, but in making this assertion today I must qualify it. Firstly, I do not know by

what means or through what metempsychosis France will manifest itself again as a living spirit; secondly, I do not know whether this rebirth will take place in my lifetime, or in thirty, fifty, or a hundred years; finally, if it takes place in a not too distant future, I am not sure that I shall be able to recognize the symptoms of this rebirth or understand it. There may be many abortive or spurious attempts to remake France. I am not sure that I shall not fall into many traps or be led into many blind alleys.

Naturally if this happens to me alone, and to a few others, it does not matter much, except to ourselves. But the trouble is that it may happen to all of us, to the forty million Frenchmen who are in France struggling in the obscurity of despair, misery, and confusion.

France has lost everything; and those who for various reasons are trying to prove to themselves and to others that this is not an absolute defeat, in which each Frenchman and the nation itself as a living entity have been wounded, perhaps mortally, are refusing to face their own conscience. When I say that France has lost everything and may be mortally wounded, I am speaking for the men of my generation. I quite realize that for those who are young there is a new life ahead, and that they may be able to build among our ruins. But these ruins are there today. They are our reality.

Often, in the newspapers, I look at the new map of France, cut by that terrible scar, the line of demarcation between occupied and non-occupied France. A map is an abstraction, but this line assumes a kind of transcendental reality because it is the expression of mutilation. Unlike frontier lines, it has the arbitrariness of the conquerors' will. It is there today, but it can be changed tomorrow. It cuts across rivers and roads and railroad lines. On account of it there can be no circulation in the body of France. And the mutilation affects not only the material life of the people, but their moral and psychological relationship. Families are

separated by it. If there were any possibility of a reunification of France, this line would prevent it. Those who live north of it and those who live south are isolated from one another as effectively as by a high-voltage wire. It is the symbol of this peculiar form of Nazi cruelty, which is always tainted with a good dose of sadism. This line has divided France into two concentration camps. The only difference is that in one of them the German rule is direct, while in the other the French are allowed the illusion of being their own guardians.

It is superfluous to talk about the disruption of life in France. Newspapers and travelers have given many detailed accounts of it. What is remarkable is the rapidity with which the conditions of existence have been lowered in a country the chief characteristics of which were abundance, ease, and refinement. I know that there is a school of thought in France — and Marshal Pétain seems to belong to it — which believes that one of the causes of France's disaster was the softness engendered by a too easy life. It may have been improvident to prefer butter to guns, but I still believe that it was not a sin. What France has always tried to do — and with a good deal of success — was to offer to each man as complete a life as possible. The standard of living was not as high as in America if measured statistically, but from the point of view of all-round quality it probably was superior to that of any other country. At least the outside world seemed to think so, and France was admired for it.

This peculiar quality of French life is now a thing of the past. To assume that the present sufferings and privations will facilitate the rebirth of a new spirit may be true. But to believe, as so many Frenchmen seem to believe, that we are going through a deserved expiation seems to me an error of judgment born of an excess of despair. It is equivalent to saying that the French are being punished for having been too civilized.

And if this is the case it is tantamount to admitting the Nazi doctrine that there is no other rule in the world than force, that brutality is healthy, and that there is no other aim but efficiency for the sake of efficiency and the organization of the machine-state.

Unfortunately, it would appear that many Frenchmen — even among the best — have been so overcome by the crushing effect of the German war machine that it has become impossible for them to think in any other terms than those of material effectiveness. The unquestionable superiority of the Germans in war material, and especially their ability to use it effectively, have forced most Frenchmen into a rationalization of their defeat which has the precision of a mathematical demonstration. With all the power of French logic — the most dangerous of all intellectual processes when used rigorously and exclusively — they have established a series of 'realistic formulas' to explain the unavoidability of the course they have taken up to now and to calculate whatever they may do in the future.

It is not my purpose to explain why France collapsed, nor to pin the blame on any one man or group or system of thought. This has been done by others more qualified than I, and I have no ambition to add my personal view to that of those who were in France and experienced the cataclysmic ordeal of May and June, 1940.

Besides, although I am French, I was here in America when all this happened and my point of view must necessarily be affected by the influences around me — that is, by the American frame of references in which I live.

But I cannot help thinking. In fact, like so many of my compatriots, I have tried for several months to arrive at certain conclusions and to solve, with as much conscientiousness as I could, some of the problems that the defeat of France presents not only to the French but to those other men who, like the Ameri-

cans, refuse to abdicate all free judgment. I know, of course, the tremendous and quasi-miraculous advantage I have in being in America, where I can think, talk, and write freely. But I know too that whatever I may think is invalid from the point of view of my compatriots who are in France, for the simple reason that I enjoy the most insolent of all luxuries, freedom, while they have lost it.

And so, certain conclusions or opinions which I have reached have no other value than that attached to any individual judgment emanating from a man who happens to be French but who has no means of knowing whether what he thinks or feels corresponds at all to what is thought or felt in that precarious and tormented place on the map called France.

II

The fundamental factors in the present situation of France seem to me to be the following: —

1. The initial mistake made at Bordeaux in asking an armistice on the presumption that, France being defeated, England could not hold out more than a few weeks.

2. The inextricable difficulties caused by this initial mistake in calculation, resulting in an unpredictable policy on the part of the Government of Vichy and in an insoluble mental conflict between those who have regained hope in a British victory, but consider it still too 'miraculous' to be counted on, and the so-called 'realists' who believe that the defeat can only be repaired by coöperating with the conqueror.

3. The *de facto* growing hostility towards the Germans in the mass of the population.

4. The permanent fluidity of a situation in which the French are trying to invent their own particular solution while in reality the conflict embraces the world and tends to widen constantly in such a way that no future order is even thinkable at this stage of the conflict.

Concerning the first point, that England could not survive the military defeat of France by more than a few weeks, I have not heard a single Frenchman dispute the fact that this conviction was the final argument which prevailed at Bordeaux when it was decided that France should ask for an armistice and that the government — after long debates — should stay in France. The story of how M. Laval persuaded M. Lebrun, the President of the Republic, to abandon his plan of going to Africa has been told in an account authorized by the Vichy Government. General Weygand seems to have been the first to recommend an armistice after the failure of the resistance on the Somme. Marshal Pétain and many others rapidly came to the same conclusion.

As a proof of the general belief in the inability of England to withstand alone the German onslaught, the following incident is illuminating: —

When the French armistice delegation was debating the terms of this armistice at Compiègne, the clause by which the French pledged themselves not to continue giving help to the British came up for discussion. 'Isn't this clause superfluous,' said one of the French delegates, 'in view of the fact that the British will be out of the war very soon anyway?' To which General Keitel answered that he certainly hoped his French colleague was right, but that the Germans could not take such a chance.

If the French leaders had foreseen the success of British resistance, several other courses could have been taken, although it is useless to speculate on them now. The Poles, in a much worse situation, fought to the bitter end, and the British were in a pretty desperate position — from the purely 'realistic' point of view — when Churchill decided to carry on after the defeat of their ally. But the French generals and most political leaders were sure that the defeat of France meant the end of the war.

The psychological consequences of this

mistake in judgment dominated the whole course of events in France after the armistice, and still dominate them today. The men who are in power in Vichy now are not only the heirs of a defeat, — which makes their position difficult enough, — but also the heirs of their own miscalculation. In spite of the fact that the majority of French public opinion is now hoping for a British victory, French leaders are still bound to talk and act as if a German victory were only delayed. Some of them, like M. Laval, are ready to help the Germans in achieving that victory. Others, like Marshal Pétain himself, are too sensitive to public opinion to ignore it completely. They are trying to follow a course of neutrality, comparable to that followed by the Dutch or the Belgians before they were 'submerged.' This explains the contradictory impressions emanating from Vichy.

Some of my compatriots believe all this is very clever, very Machiavellian. One must think of France first, they say. A British victory might be better for us, but we cannot count on it. We must be realists. If Hitler wins the war, we must integrate ourselves in the new continental order. It is our only chance of survival.

These views are strangely similar to those of the so-called 'appeasers' in America who believe that some sort of compromise could be reached between the United States and Hitler if he dominated the rest of the world.

My own view of such theories is that they fail to take into account the real nature of Naziism. That the American appeasers might be tempted to minimize the peril is perhaps understandable. America is potentially very strong, separated from Europe by three thousand miles of ocean. It is difficult actually to visualize a German army occupying New York, Washington, Boston, Chicago. But the failure of the French leaders (and of many ordinary French citizens) to understand by now what

German domination actually means is indeed a curious aberration.

I admit that I cannot fully account for it, and that the attitude of some of my compatriots towards the central problem of the existence of France under German rule is unexplainable to me. I know that there are some men in France who have been so violently opposed to democracy for years that they find compensation for our defeat in the opportunity now offered them to restore France to what they believe is its true destiny. Real fascists, monarchists, and ordinary reactionaries are now united in an effort to obliterate the principles of 1789 and the social gains of one hundred and fifty years. Democracy, parliamentarianism, and liberalism may be good for the Anglo-Saxons who invented them, they say. They are not French. What France has always needed and reverted to is some sort of personal authority in the representation of a king, an emperor, or a triumvirate, like the Directoire of 1795 from which Napoleon Bonaparte finally emerged.

Although I personally share none of these ideas, I concede willingly that they could be debated, as a purely French problem, especially in the atmosphere of anti-democratic reaction due to the fact that the Third Republic lost the war. But unfortunately the conflict in which France, like every other country, is caught far transcends the form of government that should be established in France now or in the future. The real conflict is not between democracy and authoritarianism in France, but between the radical destructiveness of the Nazi domination and the maintenance of some sort of continuity in the evolution of Western civilization. This conflict is world-wide. The elimination of France as a force of resistance to Naziism — however disastrous — and the continuation of the war between England and Germany — however important — are only episodes in this struggle. The real question is whether Naziism, a move-

ment that can only destroy through war and revolution because it is empty of all moral or spiritual content, can finally engulf what remains of the Western world; or whether this Western world of ours has enough vitality and creative genius left to oppose successfully the progress of Eastern nihilism.

The question for France is not whether it has a better chance to survive by 'collaborating' with Germany and incorporating itself in the new continental order, or whether it should keep underground contacts with its former ally and continue to cultivate American friendship in case the Anglo-Saxon should defeat Hitler after all. The question is whether France shall remain a factor in Western civilization or whether it shall become a mere slave to the German master-race.

I will say that I do not believe the French will adopt the second alternative if they can help it. I will say too that there is very little they can do in a positive way to free themselves for the moment. The Germans, faithful to their tactics, are exploiting to the full the lowered moral resistance of a nation which has just gone through the greatest defeat and the deepest humiliation of its history. Many Frenchmen of good faith are wondering whether the experiment of a Europe united by Hitler should not be tried, and they blame the British for prolonging a useless struggle and delaying peace. Some Americans think that way too.

A great deal of this is due, of course, to German propaganda. Hitler must obtain an admission by France that everyone is guilty of the war and responsible for its sufferings except himself. That he has succeeded so well and found so many complacent dupes in France itself will probably baffle the historians of the future. In spite of my realization that it is very difficult for anyone on this side of the Atlantic really to understand the actual conditions of demoralization and confusion that exist in France as well as

in the rest of Europe, I cannot help feeling that the position of France in the world would be stronger if its leaders, instead of pretending to adopt the improbable and unrealizable policy of so-called 'collaboration' with the Axis, had merely told the truth, which is simple enough and can be summed up in one word: defeat.

How great would be the prestige of France, even in these days of darkness, if through the voice of its leaders it proclaimed its unconquerable faith in the ideals of liberty and justice for which it has fought for the second time in twenty-five years! How inspiring would be our example if our present rulers told the world the real thoughts of the immense majority of the French people—their hope that their sacrifice has not been completely in vain, and that the fortitude with which they bear the terrible oppression of their conquerors may serve as an encouragement to those who are still able to carry on the common fight!

Of course it is often argued that, in view of the very magnitude of the defeat, there was no other course to follow than the one chosen by the Vichy Government. As long as Marshal Pétain makes the Germans respect the terms of the armistice, as he respects them himself, nothing more can be asked or done. The immense prestige the Marshal enjoys in France is not only proof that French unity is being re-created, it is said, but the best protection against further exactions on the part of the conqueror.

History alone can tell whether these arguments are well founded, and whether a government which cannot exist or act except with the consent of the Nazi conqueror is a greater asset to that conqueror or to the forces of resistance which are gathering against him in and out of France.

But granted that the Vichy Government is intent on resisting with all earnestness the efforts of Germany to reduce France to a condition of subordination to the Master Race, and especially to eradi-

cate from the French mind the very ideas which have made France great in the world as a champion of individual liberties and tolerance, it is unfortunate that the men who are leading the destinies of France in these terrible times should take pains to repudiate and discredit this vital part of our national inheritance.

The Third Republic lost the war, and history shows that a régime seldom survives this kind of disaster. But should it follow that more than one hundred and fifty years of French history must thereby be denied? Is it possible to strike out the French Revolution, and the whole effort towards liberalization, enlightenment, and moral justice that made France great during the last century? To denounce now the spiritual values and the principles which France has fought and stood for during nearly two hundred years is to recognize that the Nazis, who deny all values except power and opportunism, are right.

In an article signed by Marshal Pétain and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on September 15, 1940, the Chief of the French State expresses himself as follows:—

Liberalism, Capitalism, Collectivism, are imported foreign products in France, which France—having found herself—naturally rejects. She understands that she had gone astray in trying to transplant on her soil institutions and methods which were not designed for her soil and her climate. And when she comes to examine the principles which have ensured the victory of her opponents, she has the surprise of recognizing, nearly everywhere, her own property, her purest and most authentic tradition. . . . The National-Socialist idea of the primacy of work, and of its essential reality in relation to the fiction of monetary signs, we accept all the more readily that it is part of our classical inheritance. . . . I could pursue this demonstration; it would lead us, in all directions, to truths that were ours, that we have forgotten, that we could recapture without borrowing them from anybody, and without failing, however, to recognize the merit of those who have known how to turn these truths to better use than ourselves. We could thus see

how, without renouncing ourselves in any way, but on the contrary by finding ourselves again, we could coördinate our thoughts and our actions to those that will preside tomorrow over the reorganization of the world.

Therein lies the essence of the uneasiness which so many Frenchmen feel when they consider the plight of their country. They are willing to believe that Marshal Pétain and the men who work with him are good patriots and anxious to save whatever they can of their country. But the philosophy of these men, and their willingness to compromise or collaborate with the Nazis not only in practical matters, but also morally and politically, shakes the confidence of those for whom the name of France cannot be dissociated from such words as Freedom, Tolerance, Individual Liberty. These 'truths' are authentically French too, but they are not those which Hitler has borrowed and 'turned to better use than ourselves.' They are those he wants to destroy all over the world.

The attempts of the French Government to save France as a living entity, while at the same time repudiating some of the essential ideas which made France live, result in a series of inconsistencies as difficult to explain to those who, in America and elsewhere, have kept faith in the destiny of France as they are baffling and disquieting to many sincere Frenchmen.

It is not consistent to say that we were completely defeated by the Germans and at the same time that we remain independent. One cannot be half slave and half free.

It is not consistent to say that we are willing to collaborate with the Nazis in the establishment of a new order in Europe when we have before our eyes the examples of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Rumania, and Italy. To assume that Hitler would treat France differently, whatever may be his promises, is tantamount to complicity. It is not possible to accuse the British of having abandoned and betrayed us when, through

our capitulation, they are left alone to fight for their very existence. At the time of Munich, some Frenchmen also tried to lay the blame on the Czechs themselves for the disaster that befell them, but the fact remains that France had a treaty with the Czechs and the French leaders of the time broke it.

It is not consistent to tell the Americans that, in the name of our traditional friendship, they should force the English to relax their blockade against us — because it increases our privations — and at the same time not say a word about the terrible looting and depredations of the German army of occupation. France is paying an indemnity equivalent to nearly 3 billion dollars on an annual basis, while the Germans, under the Dawes Plan, never paid over 600 million dollars. If the Government of Vichy wants to attract the attention of the world to the misery of France — and I think it certainly should do so — it should take a leaf out of the German book and remember what capital the Germans made out of Versailles after the war of 1914. France is being made to suffer terribly, and she will probably be made to suffer much more. The Germans of Hitler are responsible for this suffering — no one else.

It is not consistent to praise Marshal Pétain for being more respectful of French public opinion than M. Laval — an opinion which is daily regaining hope in a British victory — while at the same time he reiterates confidence in the policy of 'collaboration' with Hitler.

Finally, it is not consistent to try to conciliate the traditional policy of Franco-American friendship and the ambiguous acceptance of the Nazi order in Europe when America has formally notified the world that it would not accept the establishment of that order.

III

Ever since France signed the armistice on June 22, the dominant impression I

have had when I have thought of my own country is that it is constantly receding into the obscurity of physical and moral isolation. The darkness that spreads over all the countries conquered by the Germans now reaches to the shores of the Atlantic. True enough, many Frenchmen come from France and uncensored letters get through from time to time. But even when I see people in whom I have all confidence or receive letters from intimate friends I cannot overcome this sense of inaccessibility that France now gives me. Among the many tragedies caused by our defeat is this profound disruption in the unity of certain values that were fundamentally and characteristically French.

I have said before that I had spent all my life, up to last June, without ever thinking that there could arise a conflict between the fact that I was a French citizen and my freedom to think whatever I pleased as an individual. This gave me no sentiment of patriotic pride, nor any particular personal satisfaction, for the simple reason that I took it for granted, as does an American today.

But now the dilemma is there, not only for me but for all the French, whether they live in France or abroad. Criticism and dissent have not disappeared in France because they cannot, but the fundamental principle which allows dissent and criticism is more than threatened. Families are split in France as they never were split, even at the time of the Dreyfus affair. Those who do not accept blindly the infallibility of Marshal Pétain's policies are called traitors by his partisans, and those who see in him the Savior of France are traitors in the eyes of those

who refuse to trust him. Freedom having disappeared from France, fear has taken its place, fear for one's own security or for one's family, fear of being called unpatriotic, fear of being wrong because the normal standards by which right and wrong are judged have been so profoundly shaken.

What does it mean to be French?

Only the question can be formulated today. But there is not one answer.

No doubt the answer is in the making. From the point of view of my own convictions, I do not believe that the policies of the present French leaders and their doubtful attitude towards certain fundamental ideas are very helpful. But on the other hand they may not do much harm because the problems involved so far exceed the immediate preoccupations of the Government that sits in Vichy, limited as it is not only by the German conqueror but by its own instability.

Those problems concern the survival of Western civilization itself, the form of which may change, but not the basic ideas. Those basic ideas are as old as the Greeks. One of them is freedom and respect for the dignity of the individual. That we have mishandled and abused these ideas in France and elsewhere is a fact, but this is not a proof that these ideas are false.

The Nazis may succeed temporarily in breaking down France and in perverting many Frenchmen's conception of what France stands for in the world, but, barring the alas not impossible eventuality that they may destroy us completely as a nation, I have little doubt that France will again find its identity and its place in the sun.

PARIS AT HIGH NOON

BY H. A. L. FISHER

I

THERE is in Paris a *via sacra*, a street of streets. It is the old Roman Road, which cleaves the island of the city and climbs the hill of the Latin Quarter, past the shabby Rue du Fouarre, where Dante may have studied, past the Collège de France and the Sorbonne, leaving the Panthéon on the left and the Odéon Theatre on the right, and receiving, as it nears the tower of the old Jacobite house, the name of the Rue St. Jacques. At 151 *bis* Rue St. Jacques, a dignified old-fashioned mansion of the age of Louis Quinze standing at the back of a slatternly courtyard and thus withdrawn from the noise and stir of the town, Monsieur and Madame Casaubon maintained a genteel *pension*. It was here that I alighted, in September 1889, to spend the first few months of my initiation into the ways of the University of France and its student quarter.

My host was a retired civil servant, handsome, empty-headed, and, since his working days were over, entitled to indolence, but stretching indolence to a point which must seldom be attained by hale and robust middle life. His lineage was good, — he boasted descent from the great Renaissance scholar, — his manners courtly, his chief pleasure every evening after dinner to take his cigarette into the street and sip coffee and cognac at a neighboring café with his old cronies. Yet he experienced at least one literary emotion. He remembered how his father, who had made the Russian campaign under Napoleon, would read

out to his children the successive installments of Thiers's *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, and how, coming upon the famous description of the horrors of the Moscow retreat, he broke down in an irrepressible flood of tears. As the old fellow touched upon this episode of his boyhood a rare flash of eloquence came into his handsome brown eyes, and, shaken out of his habitual placidity, he became for the moment, or felt himself to be, a partner with his dead father in that distant and heroic tragedy.

The mainstay of the establishment was Alexandrine, his wife. If ever there was a heroine, it was this valiant, industrious, ever cheerful lady, in a golden wig, who regulated every detail of her large household, kept an infant school, and appeared every night at dinner fresh, amiable, full of sprightly conversation, and as if she had nothing else to do in life but amuse at table some twenty young men. I have never met anyone who did not admire this capable and most understanding representative of the cultured *bourgeoisie* of France. The inertia of the husband, the brilliant and enjoying activity of the wife, made a piquant contrast.

Among my fellow *pensionnaires* there was one whom the Casaubons held in peculiar and well-deserved regard. Charles Le Sage was a student at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques, and ambitious of entering the inspectorate of finance, when I first made his acquaintance at the friendly dinner table in

the Rue St. Jacques. His conversation was brilliant, and his knowledge of English politics seemed to me astonishing. That a Frenchman junior to myself should know so much that was of vital importance to my own country of which I, despite all my Oxford education, was profoundly ignorant filled me with humiliation. Le Sage was as well versed in Hansard as I was in Aristotle. He had chapter and verse for every leading sentiment of our great political gladiators. He knew our Budgets by heart. Our diplomacy, the weakness and strength of our foreign ministers, the political and economic history of contemporary Europe, had been imparted to him on a methodical plan under a scheme of education which had been devised after the Franco-Prussian War to repair the deficiencies in French political knowledge. No better course of instruction for a public servant could be conceived. We had at that time nothing like it in England. Yet the conditions of public life in France were such that Le Sage, brilliant as an official and accomplished as a writer on economics, was never able to find his way into the Chamber. He stood twice and was twice defeated. After that he was sickened by the atmosphere of French elections. His adversaries bought up the local press and showered calumnies on his mother and sister, and, as the law provided no effective redress, Le Sage refused to face the electors again.

That was a lovely autumn, warm and still, with golden days and silvery nights, and, having allowed myself a month before the University opened to recover my use of the French tongue, I explored every nook and cranny of the Latin Quarter, drinking in the spirit of old Paris from mediæval books and buildings. It was the year of the Exhibition. Paris was full of foreign visitors, but of these we saw and heard little in the Latin Quarter. 'You Englishmen,' observed Renan on my first meeting him, 'think of Paris as a great fair, a place of frivolity

and amusement. I tell you it is nothing of the sort. It is the hardest-working place in the world.' The more I saw of Paris, the more true I felt this observation to be. At Oxford work was moderate, broken by long spells of healthy exercise and social intercourse. The French standard, exacted by competition and self-imposed on all ambitious young men, was of an altogether different order of severity. Such ardor as that which prevailed among my fellow students in history was new to me. I had not known what work could be until I found myself among them.

My plan was to be desultory, to read here, there, and everywhere, to sample professors in the most widely divergent topics, to multiply my points of interest as rapidly as possible, to find out what the great discovering men were after, what historical ideas were creating excitement, what periods offered the most attractive and congenial fields of study. I went to the École des Chartes for paleography, to Longnon at the Collège de France for the geography of Gaul, to Charles Bémont at the École des Hautes Études for mediæval English chronicles, to Albert Sorel at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques for modern European history.

My professors were all admirable, both for the solidity of their learning and for the technique of their exposition. More particularly am I indebted to my old master Charles Bémont, author of a first-rate life of Simon de Montfort, editor of the *Gascon Rolls*, and one of the editors for more years than I can recall of the *Revue Historique*. My first historical lecture in French (upon the *Chronicles of Rishanger*) was delivered at his instigation and with his encouragement. He was a great teacher, disinterested, laborious, and exacting. In France, where English history was not then a popular subject, he was long unrecognized, and only after many years of waiting was this magnificent savant admitted into the Institut de France.

II

Knowledge and experience poured in from many other quarters. The intellectual giants of the French world were at that time Taine and Renan. To both of these great men I was fortunate enough to have introductions. Each was a man of genius, who stamped himself upon the minds of the younger generation. Taine was a methodizing exponent of applied psychology, who combined in a singular degree poetic feeling with logical rigor. Renan was a religious historian of infinite delicacy and vast learning. Each was a rationalist in religion and a conservative in politics. In his erudite work on the *Origins of Contemporary France*, Taine explored the ideas of the French Revolution. Renan, traveling over wider ground, recounted the origins of Christianity. The general influence of these two powerful and different minds was, I think, at its height when I settled in Paris in the autumn of 1889. The Taines, who were well-to-do, lived at 23 Rue Cassette, a spacious house in an old-fashioned street near the Luxembourg Gardens, and here received their friends every Monday evening during the winter months. Here I would meet Leconte de Lisle, Gaston Boissier, James Darmesteter, the brilliant Zend scholar, and his beautiful and gifted English wife (née Mary Robinson), Gaston Paris, the master of French mediæval literature, and many other scholars and notabilities in the world of letters. The charm and brilliance of my gifted host and hostess and their intelligent daughter helped to bring the most out of every guest. The conversation was gay and intelligent, intellectual without pedantry, ardent without fanaticism. All enjoyed talking, and no one shrank from talking about difficult and important things.

At that time Paris was much excited by the remarkable results which Charcot, the great psychiatrist, had obtained at the Salpêtrière, through his experi-

ments on hysterical patients. So striking were they that to some philosophers, notably to Binet, they seemed to provide the basis of a new psychology. Taine was much impressed by Charcot's work, and, hearing that I was contemplating a historical career, urged me to embark upon a three years' course of medicine under that great master. He pointed out that history was made by men, that men had bodies, that bodies were now healthy, now disordered, and that the state of the body inevitably affected the action of the mind. The study of the human body, then, was part of the historian's duty, an important part, a much neglected part. The accidents of health had more to do with the march of great events than was ordinarily suspected. A background of psychological knowledge was therefore as necessary to a historian as an acquaintance with geography and economics. After three years at the Salpêtrière I should be in a position to view the past from a scientific angle and to make new and valuable contributions to knowledge.

I could not afford to spare three years to medicine, and doubt whether the time, had it been mine to give, would have been well expended on so elaborate a course. But my experience leads me to think that Taine was clearly justified in his contention that physical causes have been unduly neglected by historians and that they deserve in future to have more attention paid to them. How often during the war was it not clear that statesmen, generals, and admirals became suddenly less efficient through physical fatigue? The great Lord Cromer was wont to attribute the British conquest of the Sudan to a sore throat which rendered him so speechless during General Gordon's visit to Cairo that he was unable to impress upon that officers' mind the instructions of the Cabinet in London.

Of Renan, then a resident professor at the Collège de France, I retain two im-

pressions. First I see him, a fat, squat, broad-shouldered old man, looking like a benevolent toad, who rolls into a crowded little lecture room, seats himself at the end of a table where he opens an old Hebrew Bible, and then, with a look round his audience of professors, students, and ladies of fashion, pours out a stream of vivid, malicious, melodious French to the accompaniment of intermittent chuckles of delight from his enthralled audience. '*Mesdames et messieurs,*' he begins, '*nous abordons aujourd'hui le prophète Daniel*'; or '*Daniel était un vieux sage,*' and then, with a pause and a twinkle, '*un vieux sage apocryphe.*' I do not think that many of his audiences were in a state to profit by the old man's learning. It was not zeal for the Hebrew Bible which packed the lecture room, but the fame of the lecturer. *Le Père Renan* was a Parisian mode, but a not altogether senseless one, for, though he spoke on abstruse themes, he spoke in a way which all might appreciate. His *causeries*, poured out from a full mind with an air of artless meditation, were of so subtle and exquisite a texture, and fell upon the ear with such seductive melody, that even the profane were compelled to enjoy and admire.

Later he received me in his study with all the urbanity of one who had been a Roman priest. We talked of Charcot and of his experiments in telepathy, at that time a popular topic of conversation. Renan warned me to be skeptical. 'You must remember,' he said, 'that hysterical patients have a strong tendency to deceive.' Then we drifted away to discourse of foreign travel. Renan admired the mediæval pilgrimages and wished the custom could be revived. Throwing himself back in his chair and closing his eyes, he allowed himself to float away into a kind of soothing dream-land, seeing in a succession of little pictures the pilgrimages which he would like to make and communicating to his visitor something of his own enjoyment of them. As an entertainment for a shy

young foreigner, nothing could have been better. At the end of it the great man came to the door and helped me on with my coat.

Many years afterwards I had a long talk about Renan with Sabatier, the famous authority on Saint Francis. So fanatical was Sabatier's mother in her Protestantism that she would draw down the blinds rather than have any inmate of her household set eyes upon a Catholic procession passing along the street. As a very small boy, Sabatier was distressed by the thought of these Catholics, creatures so wicked that it was pollution to gaze upon them. Very secretly he determined to make those wicked Catholics better, to convert them, but first to know all about them. So he would steal into Catholic churches, listen to Catholic music, study Catholic ritual. Very soon he became so learned in matters of ritual that priests came to consult him. Then he sought a deeper kind of learning. He became a university student in Paris, and one day, since his subject was theology, found himself standing right at the back of Renan's lecture room, as I had done. Something in his appearance, perhaps his rare personal beauty and flaming dark eyes, attracted the old man's attention. '*Avez vous compris?*' he asked. '*Pas un mot, monsieur,*' was the reply. Thereupon, to his intense astonishment and delight, this raw young provincial student was taken up into the great man's study and treated to such a lecture on theology as he would never have thought possible.

At the end, Sabatier started to take his leave. It was raining hard. He had no greatcoat, no umbrella, and his poor garret was at the other side of Paris. Renan escorted him home, holding his umbrella over the young student all the way, and all the time talking like a god. At the end of their journey Sabatier was too shy to interrupt the talk, and so back they walked to the Collège de France and back again across Paris to the student's lodgings, the famous old

man steadily holding up the umbrella and steadily talking, the enraptured young student trotting by his side. As may be imagined, from that time onwards Sabatier was Renan's slave. It was to Renan that he owed the chief inspiration of his life. 'You wish,' said the great savant, 'to reconcile the Catholic and Protestant Churches. Study Saint Francis. He is what Catholics and Protestants have in common.'

III

The École des Chartes, then presided over by Paul Meyer, the great Romance scholar, is — or rather was — primarily a vocational school for the training of French archivists. The spirit of the great Benedictine scholars pervaded this austere seminary of all the scholarly virtues. 'Remember, gentlemen,' said Léon Gautier, that ardent and delightful editor of the *Chanson de Roland*, when he wished to spur on our flagging energies, 'that the great Ducange worked for fourteen hours on his wedding day.' The ceremony at the *Soutenance des Thèses*, when the young men were called upon to defend the final exercise upon which their title to be called Archiviste Paléographe depended, was enough to strike awe into the beholder. The three venerable judges, with the Olympian figure of Leconte de Lisle, Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale, presiding, sat on the dais, discharging a formidable battery of questions at their victim below, while professors and students and friends crowded round to hear the battle of wits. Little quarter was given or expected on these occasions. Woe to the student who failed to interpret an abbreviation, to give a date, to identify a quotation, or to master all the relevant sources. The tribunal had been over his work with a microscope. The smallest sign of slipshod scholarship caught its eye and provoked a censure.

Since, however, it was no part of my plan to qualify as an archivist, this in-

tensive discipline in French mediæval history was allowed to absorb only a small part of my time. The École des Chartes supplied one side only of my historical training. Nor was it the most important side. The past cannot be reconstructed by men whose knowledge of life is solely derived from documents. Old papers do not tell the whole story; they may not tell the most important part of the story. The historian who contents himself with presenting to his readers a cento of texts, and packs his pages with information not because it is significant but because it is available, does not truly fulfill his office. His books will doubtless be learned; but they will lack the perspective and the insight into reality which make the past instructive to living men. Historical scholarship has its own special function to perform, but a fine historical scholar may nevertheless be a poor historian. Not without warrant did my wise friend Taine advise me against excessive devotion to the École des Chartes.

One day that autumn the newspapers announced the death of one of those rare beings who are at once, and in the most complete sense, a scholar and a historian. Fustel de Coulanges was a name already well known to me, for most Oxford men reading for greats had been recommended to profit from the brilliant lucidity, the bold outlines, and the vast learning of *La Cité Antique*, but of Fustel's all-important mediæval work there was at that time little knowledge in England outside a narrow circle of specialists who, like Maitland, were working in the field of early social and legal history. Imagine, then, my delight on receiving from Mandell Creighton an invitation (prompted by Maitland) to celebrate Fustel in the pages of the *English Historical Review*. Fustel had traveled on the highroad which leads from the ancient to the modern world. It was exactly the route which I proposed to follow. Hastily devouring the noble volumes in which that wonderful

scholar traces the continuity of Latin influence in Gaul, I made, in January 1890, my first experiment in authorship.

The Hôtel de France et de Lorraine, once much frequented by quiet country gentry of the Royalist persuasion, and standing almost at the angle of the Rue de Beaune and the Quai Voltaire, has now, like many another pleasant old-fashioned building, been improved off the face of the map. Yet in 1889 this modest inn enjoyed a certain renown among visitors of a studious taste and temperament. George Eliot used to stay here. So too did James Russell Lowell, that witty American *littérateur*, on whose recommendation I was drawn to exchange my distant quarters for this central yet secluded hostelry.

Here I found myself in a nest of artists. Among my fellow lodgers were A. H. Studd (known as Peter) and William Rothenstein and Kenneth Frazier, a gifted young American artist. Peter, an Eton and Cambridge friend of my cousin George Duckworth, was already known to me. He was the most diffident and delightful of men. The conventions of Eton and Cambridge, where, like his brothers, he was distinguished as a cricketer, had not dimmed the poetry of his simple and ardent nature. That he was gifted beyond the ordinary was made evident when he tried his hand at an original composition in oils. In the management of tongue and pen he had little skill. His thoughts could not express themselves in words, and examinations must have presented an almost insuperable horror. But by degrees he discovered a vocation in which the most inarticulate might excel. Far later than most men, he made painting a profession. When I ran across him in Paris he was in the first flush of enthusiasm for his new-found art. His enjoyment of it was infectious, and, had his executive power been equal to his sense of poetic inspiration, he would have taken a high rank among the painters of his time.

Will Rothenstein, when I first met

him in Studd's company, was a tiny lad of seventeen, already wearing large horn spectacles, and a marvel of precocious virtuosity. He moved with incredible ease and nimbleness in every medium. He perorated, he wrote, he drew, he painted. By the cosmopolitan crowd who toiled away in the noisy, crowded studios of the Académie Julian he was regarded as the infant prodigy, the coming man. Again and again he won competitions against artists many years his senior. His enthusiastic vitality, quick wit, and droll imagination made him a universal favorite. '*C'est un artiste au bout des ongles*,' said Rodin. Perhaps if he had had less all-round facility he would have accomplished more as a painter. Yet his achievement has been considerable, alike as artist and author. Few of the notabilities of his age have contrived to escape his assiduous and skillful pencil. Even town councilors have been swayed by his eloquence. In later life he made a reputation as a capable and inspiring Director of the Royal College of Art and as the author of delightful volumes of autobiography, wherein may be found a faithful and engaging picture of that artistic circle in Paris into which he was plunged as a raw provincial from Bradford, and from which he emerged having tasted many forms of enjoyment and learned much about the ways, both good and evil, of mankind.

A very different character and a most valuable element in our group was Ludwig von Hofmann. This handsome, grave, aristocratic Bavarian was older and riper than most of the art students who gathered in the evening to perorate *de omni scibili* in Studd's salon. Of the fine technical qualities which were afterwards destined to win for von Hofmann renown in his native country, I could form no estimate. His enthusiasm, however, for the most recent developments of French art was genuine and unmistakable, his nature wholesome and magnanimous. I could see that the mili-

tary humiliation of France, the hospitable metropolis of the painter's art, caused in him a certain malaise. Like Byron, he was impressed by the deep melancholy of history.

It is an education to be inducted by artist friends into their earthly paradise of light and shadow and soft gradations of shifting and delicate tints. For my companions a plain wall of plaster in a dirty malodorous street might be a source of positive delight. Let a mauve or pearl-gray shadow be thrown on the drab white superficies, and the object for them was transfigured. In my walks abroad in Paris my attention was continually directed to the miracles wrought by sun and shade. My painting friends lived for color and found nothing so dull or so ugly but that a change of light might invest it with loveliness. They would proclaim the beauty of factory chimneys, gasometers, and dustbins. If I was not equal to their raptures, they brought new ranges of pleasure within my reach.

Impressionism was in the first flush of its fame. The god whom we were taught to worship was Monet, of whom Clemencau, a great friend, tells the story that the artist, standing by the bedside of his dying mistress, could see nothing but the beautiful violet shadow on her temple. There was a picture of a pine tree by this gifted painter in Goupil's window, in which the separate tints were so brilliantly distinguished that they could be seen on the other side of the Boulevard. To this we made a pious pilgrimage, as also to the frescoes of Besnard in the École de Pharmacie and to those of Puvis de Chavannes in the Panthéon. The fashionable painters of the day were loaded with our denunciation. To have a picture hanging in the Salon was regarded as a patent humiliation. I was not myself equipped to join in the nocturnal denunciations of my friends, but I agreed with them in thinking the Salon disappointing. 'My compatriots,' Rodin observed to me once in explana-

tion, 'have lost the art of admiration.' But if that faculty was lost by Frenchmen it was very marked in my artist friends from England, America, and Germany. Indifferent as the Salon may have been, the artistic influence of Paris was to an amazing extent predominant through Europe. Save in England and Spain, the art schools of Paris dictated the fashion.

IV

Two stormy petrels were scudding over the political waters. One was Boulanger, the other Déroulède. I was out among the excited crowd during the critical night when the French electorate voted down the showy but ineffectual general who proposed to revise the Constitution, and was thought to be the harbinger of war. The wide and menacing popularity of this incompetent politician — a popularity which he fomented by pandering to the lowest anti-Semite prejudices of the mob — was an indication of the continuing malaise of France under a régime which was thought to be overtimid and tolerant of defeat.

The loss of Alsace-Lorraine rankled in all minds. Every politician and every measure was judged in the light of the German question. The winning of a new Colonial Empire in the Far East was used as a stick to beat Jules Ferry. There were many who thought it folly to squander blood and treasure in distant waters when the all-important prize of French policy was near at hand. The fiery Déroulède, who had fought in 1870, was an active propagandist for the policy which ultimately led through the Franco-Russian Alliance to the Great War. When he came to ask Renan to subscribe to the Ligue des Patriotes, founded to keep alive the idea of the war of revenge, the old sage replied, 'Young man, France is dying; do not trouble her agony.' Such pessimism was common. The faith in the national intellect was as high as the confidence in the political

destiny of France was low. '*Tous les députés sont vendus*' was the common opinion of the students. The Chamber had not recovered from the shock of the Panama scandal.

It was not, indeed, until I immersed myself in the atmosphere of Paris that I began to realize the perils which were still in store for civilization. In England we had been brought up in the idea of a stable peace, an expanding commerce, a progressive and steady advance in well-being and right reason throughout the world. Our political struggles were keen, but about matters of secondary importance. Most of us believed with Herbert Spencer that the world was passing from a military into an industrial state of existence. In France there was none of that island security. Revolution and war were present possibilities. At a political meeting in one *faubourg*, which I attended from curiosity, the speaker was forced by the clamor of his audience to apologize to the Republicans for his use of the word *Monsieur* and to the atheists for his exclamation *Mon Dieu*. Beneath the polished surface of French life the tradition of the Jacobin was still alive and ready to burst into flame.

My hosts had begun to take notice of England. Everyone was talking of a book with an arresting title, *À quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?* Taine's remarkable study of English literature and Boutmy's brilliant sketch of English constitutional development answered a

general demand for more knowledge about the neighboring island across the Channel. Albion remained perfidious. We were not popular; but we had become respected. Of the foreign pictures displayed that year at the Exhibition, the English alone occasioned the surprise and admiration of the crowd.

Meanwhile the intellectual currents ran strongly against romance. The young men had deserted Alexandre Dumas and Georges Sand for the masters of realism. Balzac was a demigod. The praise of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* was on all lips. Here was that serious documentation of life which should be the end of all literature, and in Flaubert the sublime instrument of the French language wielded with a scholar's scruple. My contemporaries were proud of the novelist whose happiness was said to have been poisoned by the two dependent genitives, *une couronne des fleurs d'orange*, which had found their way into a sentence of his masterpiece. The older men, who liked flowing, easy, romantic French, were unconverted. 'Madame Sand,' said Renan, 'will be read three hundred years hence,' but the prevailing tone was that of the melancholy Edmond de Goncourt, himself trained in the *École des Chartes*, whose journal based upon the experience of a lifetime presents a faithful picture of the literary and artistic society of Paris (on its less learned and serious side) which I was privileged in my early manhood for a brief period to enjoy.

ARE WE IMMORTAL?

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I

ARE we immortal? Does the human spirit so precariously and so briefly housed in a physical body cease to be when that body ceases to be? Or does that soaring entity, the soul, once it has passed the gate of darkness, continue somewhere the challenging adventure into mystery which characterized its earth existence? Surely, for any thinking person, material life on a material planet can be seen to be based on a series of conjectures, each one more audacious than the last, like the climbing rungs of a ladder. Are we immortal? Since no one knows the answer, or can know, it seems as if each of us should be permitted the choice between two opposed guesses. Either we die when we die, or we don't, and it is just as dogmatic to insist on the first as on the second. We all have an equal right to choose on which of the two hypotheses we shall build that fragile structure called a philosophy of life. Nothing in all human experience, however, is so humbling as to realize that the sole argument for any philosophy of life is the person who is trying to live it!

It is odd that, although we constantly talk about a philosophy of life, we so rarely stop to examine that philosophy of death on which present-day thought and action increasingly depend. There is hardly an aspect of contemporary history that is not dominated by the popular assumption that human personality does not survive physical dissolution. One of the strangest phases of this black era is the effect on world movements of

this widespread decay of faith in a hereafter. There is something mysteriously persistent in man's concern for immortality, for when he cannot have it for himself, he claims it for his nation. Exactly in proportion as individuals give up all belief in personal survival, together with its inescapable corollary of reverence for all human qualities that are worthy of continuance, — veracity, coöperation, kindness, — do they demand for their nation earthly survival and earthly renown. If there were no other reason for favoring a conviction of immortality, one might suggest that such a conviction is a corrective of nationalism, for if a man believes that his own spirit will survive death he is very likely to believe that the spirit of his country may prove equally indestructible.

It needs only a glance to reveal how many present-day tendencies are affected by the underlying acceptance of the decisiveness of death. Take war, for example. Obviously, if we really believed that the human spirit continues after the body that houses it has been bombed to bits, war would steadily fade from the picture simply because it would appear ludicrously inconclusive. In like manner, profit would cease to be a sustaining motive if once we admitted to ourselves that money may not help us much on the next lap of the soul's pilgrimage. The popular preoccupation with power politics might cease to possess the minds of statesmen if it should once become clear that the best to be expected would

be to dominate for a tiny fraction of time people who might at any moment slip away into indomitable continuance. Even our present passion for social and racial improvement might perceptibly weaken once cynics began to whisper, 'Why all this uplift of our humanity if the ultimate end for all is extinction?'

Possibly the Nazis of today are not basically different from the rest of us, but only more rational. There are intellectual leaders of our time who are singularly proud of their denial of any God, and of their contempt for any immortality. A personal God, and equally a personal survival, are, they maintain, the sentimental refuge of the silly. The Nazis simply carry this prevalent present-day surmise to its conclusion. While a kindlier philosophy continues to deck out our nothingness in the trappings of art and music and poetry and social courtesy, the totalitarians are saying far more logically, 'If we are no better than the animals, why not be animals, here and now and heartily?' That is the straight and simple language of the bomb, and against the starkness of that argument the genial artists and writers and thinkers of today have nothing more powerful to oppose than their own pleasanter, but fundamentally identical, conclusions. We are feeling ourselves islanded on an ever-dwindling safety zone of what we still fondly call civilization. But why blame Hitler? What was due to happen to people who had grown so witless that they could ascribe to blind chance the infinite pattern of the universe? And why should we demand the preservation of our human bodies in comfort and security when we had long ago dismissed their high inhabitant, the soul, as a vagary of deluded minds?

Yet for a score of centuries there has been in existence a little band of people who believed, and for a while actually succeeded in living, a very different philosophy, one that might rightly have been called a philosophy of life, not death. Christianity is a religion founded

on a survival of human personality after physical destruction, a religion always motivated by the assumption that what one man succeeded in achieving for himself other men may be permitted to expect for themselves. When first Christianity flamed like a flower from out the decadent and despairing creeds of the ancient world, it had not yet sunk to the strait-jacketing of a code; it was still the good news of a living comrade. When any religion has begun to decay from adventure to argument it has begun to die, even though in itself it holds the innermost secret of life. Today Christianity is discussed pro and con as a code, the articles of its creed to be selected and followed wherever agreeable, and promptly rejected wherever they collide with current views of what is called realistic. At the beginning Christianity was not a code, it was a Christ. A Christ produced a Paul; a code produces the fainthearts of our time. Today, as one looks over the wreckage of our world, the Christian is of all men the humblest, for of all men he best realizes his own failure. He knows that he inherited the stewardship of a faith that holds personal immortality to be the most creative of all our life's conjectures. But think what might have happened to world history if the men and women calling themselves Christ's had been able to live as if they were immortal!

II

Nothing is perhaps more difficult for a Christian to talk about than the Christian faith, for these two words mean different things to different persons. For clarity's sake, then, I need to state at once that when I use the term 'Christian faith' I mean the daily, hourly attempt to live as if the most mysterious man in human history were closer to me than breath itself. The more I study the short broken records of his passage across time, the most conspicuous trait to impress me is that Jesus of Nazareth lived

every moment of his earth life as if he expected to live forever. His proved ability to achieve such competent serenity through happy days or hideous ones is to me even more significant than his restoration after physical death.

The more I consider the brief arrested career of Jesus of Nazareth, the more his Resurrection seems to me the inexorable corollary of the discipline he steadfastly imposed upon his mortal life. Once again needing to be exact, I mean, when I employ the word 'Resurrection,' the reputed reappearance of Jesus to his friends, after they had watched him die and seen him buried and witnessed the official sealing of his tomb. Actually it is still for the majority a word deprived of its power to empower, for anyone who regards the Resurrection of Jesus as a closed incident has never really believed it. I am trying here humbly and brokenly to state my own acceptance of an occurrence that so many people dismiss as fantasy. I am not trying to convince anyone, but merely to explain why I am myself convinced. In my approach to Jesus I have always tried to bring to my appraisal the same trained imagination and the same honest scholarship that I should feel it only ethical to employ in studying Shakespeare or Socrates. Any early witness of Jesus' Return, however crudely and imperfectly portrayed in the Gospels, merits as sympathetic an examination as would the Fool in *Lear*, or young Alcibiades when he flashes like a lyric from the prose of Plato.

First then, as I examine one Christian's creed of Christian adventure, I find that I believe in the Resurrection primarily because of its effect — an incredible result implies an incredible cause. Something happened two thousand years ago that no one has ever satisfactorily explained away. I scrutinize those strange broken little biographies of an unprecedented man, and I find there an event narrated by men dazed and astounded — and transformed by it. I believe in the Resurrection first

because of its effect on the men who told about it, and next because of its effect on the actual story that they told; and then, still seeking to trace back a great result to a great cause, I believe in the Resurrection of that far-off Nazareth carpenter because of its effect on subsequent history. Yet all these happenings would for me belong to the dead past if I could not see Jesus of Nazareth still alive today wherever people will let him be. Therefore I believe in the Resurrection because of its actual effect on present-day Christians I have known, either through actual conversation, or through their blazing words still being freshly printed, or through their blazing lives of dedication — lives still being lived in this black hour. Last of all, I believe in the Resurrection of Jesus because of its effect on myself. I believe that we all possess within us the seed of that perennial immortality which Jesus, first of all humanity, succeeded in adventuring and revealing.

Perhaps nothing has been oftener argued than the soporific hypothesis that the associates of Jesus were mistaken when they proclaimed his return from the grave. They were superstitious folk, it is maintained, still under the spell of a magnetic personality. This easy dismissal of a mysterious event would have more effect on my own reason if I could believe that the people who today thus honor superstition had ever read the Gospel record. It is impossible for me to read the accounts of the attitude and actions of Jesus' followers, at the time of the crucifixion, and see these followers as anything but utterly despairing and broken men and women. They all ran to hiding, and cowered behind closed doors, fearing that their leader's fate would also involve themselves. 'I never knew him!' screams one of them in hysterical denial, afraid of even a housemaid's tongue.

There is, of course, evidence that there were certain people who did expect that Jesus' restoration would be reported, but these were not the people who had

loved him — they were the people who had killed him. It was not his timorous disciples who were looking for his return; it was his executioners who demanded of the Roman governor that an official seal be set on the sepulchre and an official guard be ordered to watch it. It was the same nerve-shattered coward that had shouted denial who six weeks afterward was proclaiming in the open street and in the very teeth of the terrorists, 'This same Jesus is alive!'

I find myself forced to believe that a transcendent transformation had occurred in the character of Peter when he saw Someone and spoke to him by the lakeside in the brightening dawn. And, quietly perusing ancient words that come alive as I study them, I cannot evade believing that something transcendent also happened there on the Damascus road to re-create Saul, the maddened persecutor, into Paul, the intrepid announcer of an incredible Return. Something surely had happened both to Peter and to Paul that made them bold enough to go to death for their conviction that one man had come back from the grave.

But far more than by the people who told the strange tale am I influenced by the kind of tale they told. The accounts of the Resurrection form a broken, ill-matched record, naïve to absurdity. It is as if men and women came before us still gasping out their stupefaction, breathless, white to the lips with wonder. They reveal themselves as so possessed by the unbelievable that argument for their veracity would be beyond their conception. That their evidence two thousand years later would come to be scrutinized as if they had been speaking in a law court could not have occurred to them. Actually their own transformation was their only argument, but they were so rapt with surprise they could not even remember they were transformed.

Yet it is the nature of their report that most impresses me. The Resurrection narratives are so vivid that they hang

forever in the gallery of the world's imagination. But examine them one by one and what does one find? An astonishing absence of invention! The people who are loudest in insisting that these stories are the fabrication of human fancy are the people who have never read them.

All these pictures that one by one glide past as if they were colored photographs cast upon a screen — Jesus entering a shadowy room through locked doors to reassure his disciples gathered together in secrecy and terror; Jesus at the portal of a tomb comforting a grief-stricken woman, himself so natural in voice and appearance that she thinks he is the gardener; Jesus joining two despairing wayfarers on a Sunday afternoon walk; Jesus making a special sortie out of mystery to prove his undying affection for a friend who doubted hearsay as we doubt it; Jesus at a beach breakfast drawing aside the man who had denied him in order to reiterate his reinstatement in the sublime missionary effort — all these Resurrection stories are variants of the same theme, the identity of the Jesus who returned from death with the Jesus who had gone to death. Human invention would have pictured Jesus as confounding his enemies, not as a man still solely occupied with comforting his friends. Human invention, fed as it then was on popular apocalypse, would have represented Jesus as returning with a blare of celestial thunder, and in a blaze of ineffable glory. The utter simplicity of the scenes that describe Jesus' restoration makes them strangely convincing. I, merely one reader of an ancient record, am reasonably familiar with the heights to which man's imagination has attained in drama and poem and picture, but I have never found in any literature genius that could have achieved the absolute matching of characteristics by which the Resurrection scenes portray a man after death as still absolutely the same as he was before death.

III

Again, always trying to interpret a great event by a great cause, I cannot explain the change in the course of history that occurred in the first century, except by the Resurrection. It does not seem possible that the teaching of ghost-ridden men could have released for the world a brand-new system of ethics vigorous with new life and inexorably exacting in its demands. It does not appear conceivable that a flickering spectre could have been sufficient to send men and women laughing to the lions. Martyrs on pyre and pyre down through the years must have seen a real face welcoming them through the flames. When one observes what was actually happening decade by decade, the new dating given to the centuries since Christ does not appear to be a mere accident. Even through the Dark Ages that were to elapse after its first planting, the new hope for mankind was secretly kept alive — and may be kept alive again during a similar encircling gloom!

When I gaze back across the blind rolling centuries and perceive all that came into the world in the wake of Jesus' Resurrection, I find I cannot doubt that far-off transcendent Fact. I know absolutely no other way to explain the starry purposes of Quaker kindness today, nor the radiance of certain humble people whom I see beholding Jesus as close beside them as did Peter or Paul or Mary of Magdala. If Jesus did not return, how are we to account for Saint Francis? In fact, how are we to account for any person or for any practice associated with the word 'Christian' if Jesus did not actually come back from death? All his broken-hearted followers had fled to hiding; which of them would ever have ventured forth even to whisper the good tidings of that mysterious earth sojourn if Jesus had not come back to reassure them? If Jesus' life had ended with his death, how would anybody ever have heard of him?

It has been my singular good fortune to know some great and simple Christians still walking our black highroads of hate as confidently as did the first witnesses of the first Return. These high and holy men are not much known to the loud-speakers of our day. In his own lifetime there were probably uncounted pagans who had never heard of Paul, and who were completely uninformed about the illustrious prisoner confined on the outskirts of their proud city. I fancy that people who believe in an unseen and nobler universe pressing close about us have always been laughed at — when they were not accorded a crueler fate! It is not hard to picture the life of a new-made Christian in that impervious ancient world. A Christian would have been treated kindly by his pagan friends, but he would have been acutely conscious of their controlled and tolerant mockery, and he would have felt helpless to penetrate their materialism with even a hint of his secret hope. But here and there in the crowds the early Christian would have discovered friends of the faith. Christians who had never before seen each other would have met in shining recognition, as they do today, met in the shared fellowship of an unseen Comrade. Today, as always, any group of Christ-made — not code-made — Christians are conspicuous anywhere for sheer radiance. They keep looking always at a man who has illumined the mortal riddle of death.

The Christian faith has from the beginning been a driving missionary effort. Only its slackers have ever kept still. But its greatest missionaries have always been as serene as they were ceaselessly active. A belief in immortality, plus the belief that the living embodiment of that immortality is sharing every breath and thought and movement, actually seems to produce a multiple personality. Men and women reveal powers and fulfill purposes neither they nor anyone else would have believed possible. I have not myself seen or

heard that great modern Christian, the Japanese Kagawa. All his youth was a fight against disease and family hostility, all his later life a battle for privilege for the underprivileged. Kagawa goes actually half blinded by the physical contagion incurred in the slums. He has known imprisonment and triumphant release, not only years ago, but again lately. Even now, though a peacemaker in an embattled nation, his voice has not been smothered, nor his energies for social betterment shut off. Kagawa is no accident. He spends the two earliest morning hours in gazing at an immortal Master and speaking to him. I believe in the Resurrection because Kagawa has lived as if he believed it.

Albert Schweitzer, rising imperishably holy from out the wreckage of German ideals, still lives and still works, alone, for an unseen Leader, even in this heavy, God-denying world of today. Himself a master-scholar, a master-musician, it was the summons of an invisible Master that made him forsake all the renown life offered him, to study medicine and build his own tiny hospital in darkest Africa. There the horrors of war are now for a second time menacing his high service. Is Christianity decadent, or the quickening faith in an immortal Comrade grown negligible? Not for one who reads the words of Albert Schweitzer or weighs his single-handed efforts for his God! I believe in the Resurrection because such a man as Albert Schweitzer believes it, and in a desolate African forest is living its meaning at this very moment.

But two great present-day men of God will always come first to my mind when I use the word 'Christian': Henry Hodgkin and Wilfred Grenfell. They are not mere names to me — I saw and knew them both. I am to be excused if I cannot lightly share the current easy denial of an unseen world when I have watched such men believe and live their immortality. Henry Hodgkin is the great Quaker who in the bloody turmoil of the

First World War founded the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an institution which still lives and flowers amid all the bloodshed of today. I saw Henry Hodgkin and was for three days under the same roof with him, a dozen years ago. I went from feverish New York for three days' stillness at the haven of the Friends at Pendle Hill, where an old farmhouse in the rolling country near Philadelphia had been shaped to a permanent retreat. At that time a group of twenty, gathered from all nations and races, were living together there, that being their modern version of an early Christian hostelry. The presiding spirit of the quiet spot was a tall ruddy Englishman named Henry Hodgkin. When, every morning at nine, he stepped into the library where we were all gathered for Quiet Hour, it was as if his very footfall said, 'Peace.' The words he spoke to the group were singularly trenchant and immediate, but the chief memory remains their quiet reassurance. A man who walked with God was present among us, that was all.

Another thing that is fresh in my thought is the framed poem on his study wall, beginning, —

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

We are all familiar with those simple verses, but Henry Hodgkin lived their meaning as being one of the privileges of his accepted immortality.

A year or two later I was to meet another great Christian of a most different type. Wilfred Grenfell was no quiet soul — he was a dynamo for God. When I saw him, ten years ago, the dynamo was wearing weak. But Wilfred Grenfell was not only charged with energy — he was all alive with chuckles at that painful, wheezing machine, his body. Heart disease had long before exacted payment for his intrepid activities for his Labrador fishermen. When I saw him he sat hunched in bed burning with bronchitis and racked with coughing, but twinkling and eager to be talking, a slight old man

ablaze. Almost instantly he began to speak to me of the unseen Friend so vivid before us both. I recall that he said, 'But we shall not know him, any of us, until we become able to see him, not ancient and discarded, but dressed in black dinner dress beside us, our fellow guest at a modern table.'

I believe that Jesus of Nazareth returns from death every day. I believe it because Wilfred Grenfell believed he saw Jesus leading him like a star through ice and snow and bitter desolation, revealing the need of a Christ-man doctor to follow always his call. A lifelong friend of Wilfred Grenfell lately wrote me, in sober appraisal, 'I think one principle that has guided him has been his desire to do what Jesus would do in a similar situation.'

IV

As I look back at these four Christians, standing forth against our black modern background, I see them sharing certain characteristics of all real Christians of any class or age. Contrary to the easy popular dismissal of all that is called supernatural, these men accepted an invisible pattern which they felt it their sole duty to make visible through their work of dedication. They believed and lived their immortality, because they daily saw Jesus living his immortality before their eyes. All of them went about wearing bodies broken by their self-spending for God. Kagawa is half blind. Albert Schweitzer will always suffer the cruel results of internment in a prison camp. Henry Hodgkin — though no one would have dreamed it — was, even when I saw him, afflicted with an Oriental ailment which was presently to take him from us. The next day after I talked with Wilfred Grenfell, I heard him address a great congregation, twinkling and seeming vigorous. All four of these men bore physical suffering with magnificent detachment. This rather suggests that perhaps bodies are not the determining factor in our lives; they

may be no more than a most impermanent wrapping to be lightly tossed aside when the soul within is summoned to go marching on without fleshly impediment.

A second characteristic of all Christians who dare to come alive now and here, these four men possessed a burning passion to go about doing good. Their whole being was offered to the unseen as if on a hidden altar. The most astonishing misunderstanding that we who believe in immortality are called upon to incur is the charge that we are engrossed in another world at the expense of this one! I cannot see that Kagawa, Schweitzer, Hodgkin, Grenfell, and the host of lesser men and women who share their vision and emulate their energy, appear to think about another world any more than did their Master Jesus Christ. How much did Jesus talk about the world to come? Open the Gospels and find out! If ever there lived and taught a more this-worldly man than Jesus, let someone discover and declare him! In every fibre Jesus is the embodiment of the creed of *Now*. Far from advocating a flowery picture of pearly gates and harps and peace, Jesus is portrayed as sweating drops of blood at the mere thought of leaving a world so cruel that it was crying for the destruction of its greatest benefactor! Even on the cross Jesus is shown as turning aside from His own dying to comfort a fellow being in the few moments of physical life still allowed them both.

So far I have been speaking of the Christian faith of other Christians, hard-driven men of God whose vision I have shared and whose embodiment of that vision on the paths of earth I have witnessed. One is reluctant to speak of what the faith of one's life means to oneself, but it would be cowardly not to. All my grown-up life I have lived in or near the halls of learning. In the proud pagan world of today I have been lonely. None knew better than I how tenderly my friends have tried to hide from me their secret contempt for my simple-

mindedness. We have shared the books of the day, its plays and pictures, its feverish newspapers and radio. In all externals I have had my part in modern attitudes. In trudging, kindly comradeship I have gone climbing the ever-repeated day, side by side with friends I loved. Yet I have possessed a faith they secretly have laughed at. And now, after the rigors of a climbing lifetime, I face the sunset. The evening radiance is becoming a beautiful and ever-increasing light. Presently that sun will dip to blackness for a moment, but only for a moment — then I shall feel myself walking unfettered, straight and free. And I think I shall find that all I had guessed is true. For this has been the guess on which I have built my philosophy: that the God of star and sea and flower is not mocked, least of all does He mock Himself. In His creation, all the way from the first stir of life in water scum, on and on, ever multiplying, ever differentiating, no two leaves alike, no two shells the same, the ceaseless upward push of evolution is everywhere revealed. The urge is always toward personality, more and more highly perfected. Would a Creator suddenly toss to nothingness all the ultimate purpose of perfection, the individual human soul?

We have no surer proof of God than that He lets us guess our way to Him. Every avenue of our life is ascertained by the employment of conjecture. How did Columbus achieve the certainty of a Western Hemisphere? Only by sailing unknown seas! We are very proud of our science, but what is science but conjecture, hypothesis, boldly tested in the secrecy of the laboratory? What is the history of any human discovery but the unbaring of one successive hypothesis after another, each one more daring than the last? Today the scientific method has become ingrained in all of us, as an inescapable mental discipline. Few of us are able to think at all except by the *a priori* method. Who or what forbids, then, that we essay the con-

jecture that we are immortal and so recast our present lives as to allow for that staggering possibility?

Daily experiment we accept as the only sure testing of every hypothesis, but we have too long denied ourselves the hour-by-hour evaluating of the most audacious conjecture ever made by the mind of man. Too long the whole concept of immortality has suffered from a most peculiar and lingering misconception — namely, that immortality is a state of being that occurs automatically when we die! But if we are immortal at all, we are immortal now, this very moment. Why postpone our adjustment to a sublime condition? Let us be as fearlessly pragmatic in the discipline of our souls as of our bodies. It is amazing how completely tangled nerves relax, how simply anxieties are lifted, how a thousand fears evaporate, if once we incorporate into our daily philosophy of life the slogan, 'Use your immortality now.' Don't let us postpone the matching of our step to that of a man who always walked immortally.

Are we immortal? No one knows, or can know. God does not insult our growth by giving us certainties to step on. Every hour of our life is a matter of taking chances, a homely phrase for the constant practice of conjecture. Let us dare to live as if we were immortal, for surely then we shall be better prepared for a condition that may be imposed upon us whether or not we choose it. It sometimes seems as if the real reason so many people resent the possibility of survival, of an endless ascending pilgrimage, were that immortality is a terrible responsibility to face. Negation is much easier to accept. For the Christian there is only one way to become inured to the inexorable splendor awaiting us, and that is to recognize each moment the companionship of a man who achieved the impossible, to imitate the daily conduct of the one man of our climbing race who succeeded in living every day of his mortal life as if he were to live forever.

THE UNITY OF EUROPE

BY JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET

I

THERE is a story — I don't vouch for its truth — that at the time of the jubilee for Victor Hugo a reception was given at the Élysée Palace, to which representatives of all nations came to pay homage. The great poet stood in the ballroom in the solemn pose of a statue, his elbow resting on a mantel, while one by one the representatives came out from the crowd and paid him their homage, an usher announcing them in stentorian tones: 'Monsieur the representative of England!' Victor Hugo, his voice quivering with emotion, eyes lifted to the ceiling, replied: 'England! Ah, Shakespeare!' The usher went on: 'Monsieur the representative of Spain!' And Victor Hugo: 'Spain! Ah, Cervantes!' The usher: 'Monsieur the representative of Germany!' Victor Hugo: 'Germany! Ah, Goethe!'

But next in line was a potbellied little bumpkin of a man whom the usher announced as 'Monsieur the representative of Mesopotamia!' Victor Hugo, who until then had remained imperturbable and sure of himself, seemed to hesitate. His eyes circled in a wide, anxious glance as if he were searching the entire cosmos for something that eluded him, but in a moment he seemed to have found it and to feel himself once more master of the situation. And indeed in the same moving tones, with no whit less conviction, he replied to the homage of the dumpy representative: 'Mesopotamia! Ah, mankind!'

I have told this anecdote by way of

declaring, without Victor Hugo's solemnity, that I have never written for Mesopotamia, nor addressed myself to mankind. This habit of speaking to mankind at large, the most sublime and at the same time the most contemptible form of demagoguery, was adopted around 1750 by certain wayward intellectuals, ignorant of their own limitations. Though by profession men of speech, of 'logos,' they used it with neither care nor respect and without realizing that the word is a sacrament demanding the most delicate administration.

I am persuaded that speech, like almost everything that man does, is far more illusory than is commonly supposed. We define language as the means of revealing our thoughts. But any definition, — this one included, — if not indeed misleading, is ironic; it implies tacit reservations, and if not so interpreted may be exceedingly harmful. It is not so much that language serves also to hide our thoughts, to lie; lying would be impossible if original and normal speech were not sincere. Like counterfeit coin, which is carried in circulation by real money, lying is in the last analysis nothing but the humble parasite of truth.

It is because the word has been abused that it has fallen into disrepute. As with so many other things, the abuse has consisted in using the instrument rashly, without awareness of its limitations. For almost two centuries it has been the general belief that to talk meant to

talk *urbi et orbi*, that is, to everyone and no one. As for me, I despise this kind of communication and suffer in not knowing concretely to whom I speak.

This thesis, granting to the word so small a radius of action, might seem contradicted by the very fact that my own books have found readers in almost every language in Europe. I believe, however, that this is rather symptomatic of something else, something very serious — that is, the frightful homogeneity of situation towards which the entire Western world is sinking. During the last ten years, this sameness has increased to an agonizing extent. I say agonizing because, actually, what is felt as painful in any one country becomes infinitely depressing when its victim discovers that there is hardly a place left in the continent where exactly the same thing is not happening. Formerly it was possible to clear the stuffy atmosphere of one country by opening its windows on to another, but this expedient no longer holds, since the air in the next country is as stifling as in our own. Hence a feeling of asphyxiation. Job, who was a terrible *pince-sans-rire*, asked his friends, travelers and merchants who had been around in the world: *Unde sapientia venit?* and *Quis est locus intelligentiae?* — ‘Do you know of any place in the world where there is intelligence?’

However, in this progressive assimilation of conditions we must distinguish two different elements, of opposing value.

This swarm of Western peoples that set out on its flight through history from the ruins of the ancient world has always been characterized by a dual form of life. It so happened that, while each one was in the process of forming its own particular genius, among them or above them all there was being created a common fund of ideas, manners, and enthusiasms. There is, moreover, a crowning paradox in this destiny that was increasing at the same time their homogeneity and their differences, for in this case the two were not alien. On

the contrary, every new unifying principle served to fertilize their diversity. The idea of Christianity engendered the national churches; the memory of the Roman *imperium* inspired the various forms of the state; the renaissance of letters in the fifteenth century let loose divergent literatures; science and the unitarian concept of man as ‘pure reason’ created the different intellectual styles which were to lend their mould even to the farthest abstractions of mathematics. And as a culminating point, even the extravagant eighteenth-century idea of prescribing an identical constitution for all peoples resulted in the romantic awakening of the differential consciousness of the nationalities, and thus served to push each towards its particular vocation.

The point is that for these so-called European peoples to live has always meant — of course, since the eleventh century, or since Otto III — to move and act in a common space or environment. That is, for each one to live was ‘to live with’ the rest. This ‘living with,’ or coexistence, might assume either a peaceful or a warlike form. I want to suggest that for a long time the peoples of Europe have actually made up a society, a collectivity, taking these words in the same sense as when applied to the nations separately. This society has all the attributes of any: there are European manners, European customs, European public opinion, European law, and European public power. But all these social phenomena appear in a form appropriate to the stage of evolution reached by European society as a whole, which is obviously less advanced than that of its component parts, the nations.

I therefore suggest that the reader spare the malice of a smile when I predict — somewhat boldly, in view of present appearances — a possible, a probable unification of the states of Europe. I do not deny that the United States of Europe is one of the poorest fantasies that have ever existed and I take no re-

sponsibility for what others have handed out under these verbal signs. But I do maintain that it is highly improbable that a society, a collectivity as ripe as that now formed by the peoples of Europe, should not move toward the creation of a state apparatus for the exercise of the European public power which already exists. It is not, then, a weakness for fantasy or a leaning towards 'idealism,' which I despise and have fought all my life, that has brought me to this conclusion. It is historic realism that has made it clear to me that the unity of Europe as society is not an 'ideal' but a very ancient daily fact, and, having seen this fact, one cannot but confront the probability of a general European state.

The shape of this supernational state will, of course, be very different from those to which we are accustomed, just as the national state differed from the city-state of ancient times. All that I attempt in these pages is to free the mind of the reader so that it may keep faith with the subtle conception of society and state proposed by the European tradition.

It must be realized once and for all that for centuries — and consciously during the last four — the peoples of Europe have lived under a public power so purely dynamic that it can be characterized only by names drawn from mechanical science: 'European balance,' or 'balance of power.'

This is the real government of Europe, ruling in its flight through history the swarm of peoples, industrious and belligerent as bees, that rose out of the ruins of the ancient world. The unity of Europe is not a fantasy, but reality itself; what is fantastic is the belief in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain as substantive and independent units. It is understandable, however, that everyone should not clearly perceive the reality of Europe, for Europe is not a 'thing,' but a balance. Already in the eighteenth century the historian Robert-

son called the balance of Europe 'the great secret of modern politics.' It is indeed a great and paradoxical secret! For the balance of power depends at bottom on the existence of a plurality. If the plurality is lost, the dynamic unity fades away. Europe may well be called a swarm: many bees and a single flight.

This unitary character of the magnificent European plurality is what I should call the good kind of homogeneity, fruitful and desirable, the quality that inspired Montesquieu's remark that 'Europe is only a nation made up of several' and moved Balzac, more romantically, to speak of 'the great continental family whose efforts reach toward I know not what mystery of civilization.'

II

This abundance of European modes, surging constantly out of their deep-rooted unity and returning again to preserve it, is the greatest treasure of the West. The dull-witted can never grasp a concept so acrobatic, in which one jumps endlessly back and forth between the affirmation of plurality and the recognition of unity. They are sluggish spirits, born to live beneath the perpetual tyrannies of the Orient.

Today this treasure threatens to be devoured by a form of homogeneity that has triumphed over the entire continent. Everywhere there has arisen the mass-man that is the protagonist of my book, *The Revolt of the Masses*, a type of man built hurriedly, mounted on a few poor abstractions, who is therefore identical from one end of Europe to the other. To him is due the look of stifling monotony that life has begun to assume throughout the continent. He is a man emptied of his own history, with no inward past, and thus given over to any so-called 'international' discipline. He is less a man than the shell of one, made of plain *idola fori*: he has no insides, no inalienable privacy of his own, no

irrevocable 'I.' Consequently, he is always ready to play at being anything.

He has only appetites; he believes that he has only rights and no obligations; he is a man without the imperative of nobility — *sine nobilitate* — the snob.¹

This universal snobbism, so apparent, for example, in the worker of the present time, has blinded men to the fact that, if indeed all the given structure of continental life is to be transcended, the change must be brought about without a serious loss of its inner plurality. The snob, having been emptied of his own destiny, and since it does not occur to him that he is alive for some specific and unexchangeable purpose, cannot understand that life offers particular callings and vocations. He is therefore hostile to liberalism, with the hostility of a deaf man for words. Liberty has always been understood in Europe as the freedom to be our real selves. It is not surprising that a man should want to be rid of it who knows that he has no real mission to fulfill.

With curious facility everyone has banded together to fight and denounce the old school of liberalism. It is a suspicious phenomenon, for as a rule people do not agree so easily except in matters that are somewhat underhand or foolish. I do not maintain, of course, that the idea of the old liberalism is wholly reasonable, — how could it be, since it is both old and an 'ism'? — but I do consider it a theory of society far clearer and more profound than is imagined by its collectivist underminers, who in the first place know very little about it. It embraces, too, a highly acute intuition of the real stuff of Europe's past.

For example, when Guizot contrasts European civilization with all others with the observation that in Europe no

principle, idea, group, or class has ever triumphed in an absolute form and that to this is due its progressive character and constant growth, we cannot but take heed. He knows what he is talking about; the expression of his thought is negative and therefore inadequate, but the words are charged with insight. As one knows the diver by the smell of the ocean still clinging to him, so do we recognize in Guizot a man who has plunged into the depths of European history. Indeed, it seems incredible that at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a time of rhetoric and confusion, there should have been written such a book as *The History of European Civilization*. Even a man of today can learn from it how liberty and plurality are reciprocal and between them constitute the permanent heart of Europe.

But Guizot, like the Doctrinaires in general, was never well received. I want to have the courage to assert that this group of Doctrinaires, laughed at by everyone, butt of the most slanderous jokes, were in my opinion the most valuable political element on the continent in the nineteenth century. They alone had a clear perception of what had to be done in Europe after the Great Revolution, and moreover in their personal lives they stood for something dignified and removed, in the midst of the growing coarseness and frivolity of that century. At a time when all the norms by which society checks the individual were broken and no longer in force, the only dignity possible was what one extracted from the depths of one's own being. This necessarily implied a certain exaggeration, even if only in defense against the orgiastic abandon of one's surroundings. Guizot, like Buster Keaton, was the man who never laughs.² He never let himself go. He

¹ The lists of the students at Cambridge indicated beside a person's name his profession and rank. Beside the names of commoners there appeared the abbreviation 's.nob.': *sine nobilitate*; whence the word 'snob.' — AUTHOR

² He tells Mme. de Casparin with some satisfaction that Pope Gregory XVI, speaking to the French ambassador, had said in reference to himself, Guizot: 'He is a great statesman. They say he never laughs.' — AUTHOR

was the outcome of several generations of protestants of Nîmes, people who always watched their step, never able to drift in their social environment, never losing self-control. It had become an instinct with them to interpret existence as resistance, digging one's heels into the ground in order to stand against the current. In a time like ours, all 'currents' and abandon, it is good to put oneself in contact with men who refuse to be carried away. The Doctrinaires are an unusual case of intellectual responsibility — that is, of the quality most lacking to European intellectuals since 1750, and this lack is in turn one of the deepest causes of the disorder of the present.

The Doctrinaires despised the 'rights of man' as metaphysical absolutes, abstractions and unrealities, and considered man's real rights to be those that are actually here, having appeared and consolidated themselves, such as 'liberties,' lawfulness, magistracy, 'capacities.' If they were alive today they would recognize the right of the strike (non-political) and of collective bargaining. All this would seem obvious to an Englishman, but we of the continent, who perhaps since the time of Alcuin have been about fifty years behind the English, have not yet reached that stage.

The collectivists of today suffer from an ignorance of the old school of liberalism when they assume offhand, as an indisputable fact, that it was individualistic. On all these subjects, as I have said, the ideas of the time are hopelessly muddled. In recent years the Russians have been in the habit of calling Russia 'the Collective.' Would it not be interesting to find out what ideas or images this word conjures up in the somewhat hazy brain of the Russian? I should like to ask the reader to consider, not in order to accept them, but only to discuss them before passing judgment, the following theses: —

(1) Individualist liberalism is of the flora of the eighteenth century; it in-

spired, in part, the legislation of the French Revolution, but it died with that event.

(2) The characteristic creation of the nineteenth century was precisely collectivism. It was the first idea invented by that century, almost at birth, and it grew throughout its hundred years to the point of flooding the entire horizon.

But there is something of even greater importance to be considered. When, proceeding through the century, we reach the great theorists of liberalism — John Stuart Mill and Spencer — we are surprised to find that their supposed defense of the individual is based not on the question whether liberty is of profit or advantage to the individual, but, on the contrary, whether it is of profit or advantage to society. The aggressive-looking title that Spencer chose for his book — *Man versus the State* — has caused a good deal of willful misunderstanding among those who go no farther in a book than the title. Actually, as used in this title, the terms 'man' and 'state' mean simply two organs of the same subject — society — and the matter of discussion is whether certain social needs are best served by one organ or the other. That is all. Spencer's famous 'individualism' is continually at odds with the collectivist atmosphere of his sociology. Fundamentally both he and John Stuart Mill treat the individual with the same socializing cruelty that termites display towards certain of their fellow beings, fattening them in order later to suck out their substance. For both, the collective was the real basis, the platform for the ingenious dance of their ideas.

The 'old liberals' therefore took no special precautions against collectivism, breathing it in with the very air around them. But when one has seen not only the good but also the terror and frightfulness of this social phenomenon, the plain fact of collectivity *per se*, one can only adhere to an entirely new kind of liberalism, less naïve, more skillful in its encounters, a liberalism that will

soon be coming into its own and that even now can be distinguished on the horizon.

It would have been unnatural, nevertheless, for men so farsighted not to have glimpsed now and then the anguish that their time was holding in store for ours. General opinion to the contrary, predictions of the future have been normal enough in history.³ In the work of Macaulay, Tocqueville, Comte, we find our own time outlined in advance.

Of great interest to us in Mill is his anxiety over the pernicious kind of homogeneity that he saw growing throughout the West. It was this that moved him to seek refuge in a great thought expressed by Humboldt in his youth, that if mankind is to be enriched, to consolidate and perfect itself, there must exist a 'variety of situations.' Within each nation and in the aggregate of nations there must be a diversity of circumstances, so that when one possibility fails others remain open. It is sheer madness to stake all Europe on one card, on a single type of man, on one identical 'situation.' Europe's secret talent up to the present day has been to avoid this, and it is the consciousness of this secret that has shaped the speech — sometimes stammering, to be sure — of the perpetual liberalism of Europe. This consciousness includes a recognition of the plurality of Europe as a positive value in its own right, not evil but good. I have gone to some length to clarify this point so as to avoid any misunderstanding of the idea of a European supnation.

The course on which we are now embarked, with its progressive lessening of the 'variety of situations,' leads us directly back to the Lower Empire, also a period of masses and of frightful homogeneity. As early as in the time of the Antonines there had become apparent a

³ An easy and useful job that someone ought to undertake would be to collect the predictions of the near future that have been made in every period of history. I have gathered enough to be amazed by the fact that there have always been a few men who were able to foresee the future. — AUTHOR

strange phenomenon that has been less stressed and analyzed than it deserves: men had become stupid. The process had its roots farther back. The Stoic Posidonius, Cicero's teacher, is supposed with some reason to have been the last of the ancients capable of facing facts with an open and active mind, willing to submit them to investigation. After him heads fell into disuse, and except among the Alexandrians they did nothing but repeat, stereotype.

But this form of life that spread throughout the Empire, both homogeneous and stupid, — and one by virtue of the other, — has left its most terrible symptom and record where one would least expect it and where, as far as I know, no one has looked for it: in the language. Language, which fails us in our common needs of expression, reveals and even trumpets forth against our will the inmost condition of the society by which it is spoken. The language in use among the non-Hellenized part of the Roman people was the so-called 'vulgar Latin,' matrix of our Romance languages. We know little of this vulgar Latin and our idea of it comes largely from reconstruction, but we know enough, and more than enough, to be appalled by two of its characteristics. One is its incredible simplicity of grammar in comparison with classical Latin. The exquisite Indo-European complexity that had been preserved in the language of the upper classes was replaced by plebeian speech, of easy structure, but at the same time, and for that very reason, ponderously mechanical, uncouth: a stammering, periphrastic speech, struggling and roundabout like that of a child. It is a puerile language that allows for neither the fine edge of reason nor the shimmer of lyricism, a sad and groping language, soulless, without warmth or light. The words resemble old copper coins, filthy and chipped, as if weary of rolling through all the hovels of the Mediterranean. What lives emptied of themselves, desolate, condemned to an eternal

day-to-day, one glimpses behind this dry linguistic apparatus!

The other terrifying characteristic of vulgar Latin is precisely its homogeneity. Linguists, who next to aviators are perhaps the least fainthearted of men, seem unperturbed by the fact that the same language should have been spoken in countries as unlike as Carthage and Gaul, Tingis and Dalmatia, Hispania and Rumania. But I who am somewhat timid, and tremble to see weeds troubled by the wind, cannot help shuddering before this fact. It seems to me simply atrocious.

To be sure, I try to picture the 'inside' of what seems, viewed from without, plain homogeneity; I try to discover the living reality of which this fact is the immobile stamp. Obviously there were variations, — Africanisms, Hispanicisms, Gallicisms, — but this is only another way of saying that the trunk of the language was common and identical, in spite of the distances, the rarity of interchange, the difficulty of communication, and the absence of any literature that would have tended to fix its forms. And how could these various people have become equivalent, the Celt and the Belgian, the inhabitant of Hippo and that of Lutetia, the Mauretanian and the Dacian, if not by virtue of a general flattening that had reduced existence to its common denominator and nullified their lives? Vulgar Latin lies like a ghastly petrification in our archives, testifying that history once struggled for its life beneath the homogeneous empire of vulgarity, because of the disappearance of a fruitful 'variety of situations.'

III

I am no politician. The matter under discussion here is previous to politics and springs from its subsoil. My work is the obscure, subterranean task of a miner. The job of the so-called intellectual is in a certain sense opposed to that of the politician, the former aiming, often in

vain, to clarify things a little, whereas the politician usually adds to the confusion. Aligning oneself with the left, as with the right, is only one of the numberless ways open to men of being an imbecile: both are forms of moral hemiplegia. Furthermore, the persistence of these terms helps not a little to falsify the already false 'reality' of the present, for the circle of political experiences to which they correspond is closed, as witnessed by the fact that today we are offered a prospect of tyranny from the left while the right promises revolution.

There is no question but that one must deal with the problems of the time. It is what I have been doing all my life; I have always, so to speak, been in the breach. But *they* are now saying — it is a 'current' — that everyone, even at the cost of mental clarity, should be involved in politics *sensu stricto*. It is said, of course, by those who have nothing else to do, and they even go so far as to corroborate it by quoting Pascal's imperative of stupidity; but I have long since learned, as a measure of elementary hygiene, to be on guard when anyone quotes Pascal.

Total politicalism, the absorption of everything and of the entire man by politics, is one and the same phenomenon as the revolt of the masses. The mass in revolt has lost all capacity for knowledge or devotion. It can contain nothing but politics, a raving, frenetic, exorbitant politics that claims to replace all knowledge, religion, wisdom — everything, in short, really qualified to occupy the centre of the human mind. Politics drains men of solitude and intimacy, and preaching total politicalism is therefore one of the techniques of socialization.

When someone asks us where we stand politically, or anticipating, with the usual impertinence of the time, ascribes us to one party or another, instead of answering we should cross-examine the inquirer. What does he think of man and nature and history? What is his understanding of society, the individual, collectivity, the state, custom, law?

Politics hurries to put out the light so that all these cats will be gray.

It is when one has really understood the make-up of this human type dominant today, whom I have called the mass-man, that the more fruitful and dramatic questions arise: Can this type of man be reformed? I mean the serious faults that he harbors, so serious that if they are not plucked out they must cause the annihilation of the West — can these be corrected? For, as the reader will see, we are dealing with a man hermetically sealed, not open to any higher appeal.

The other decisive question, on which in my opinion all possibility of health depends, is this: Can the masses, even if they want to, be awakened to the personal life? This formidable subject is still too untouched to be developed here; the terms in which it must be posed hardly exist as yet in the public consciousness. Nor has there been any approach to a study of the distinct margin of individuality that each period bequeaths to human existence, a study that would be of vital importance. For it is pure mental inertia to assume, according to the theory of 'progressism,' — and its advocate, Herbert Spencer, who was a good engineer but no historian, — that the frame allowed to man for the functioning of his personality grows with the progress of history. No: history is full of recoils in this sphere, and it may well be that the structure of modern life is a supreme impediment to man's living as an individual.

When I consider the great cities with their immense agglomerations of human beings coming and going in the streets, gathering for celebrations or political demonstrations, there is one thought that takes hold of me almost to the point of obsession: how would a man of twenty today go about planning a life that would have a form peculiar to himself and that would therefore have to be realized by his own efforts and his own independent initiative? As he tries to unfold this pic-

ture in his mind, will he not become aware that, if not impossible, it is at least highly improbable, because there is no room for him to move according to the dictates of his own will? He will soon notice that his plan bumps against that of his neighbor, that his neighbor's life is pressing against his. With the ease of adaptation proper to his age, he will be driven by discouragement to give up not only all action but any personal desires as well, and will look for the opposite solution: he will imagine a standard life, made up of *desiderata* common to all, and he will realize that the only way of achieving it is to ask for it or demand it collectively with others. Hence mass action.

It is horrible, but I think I have not exaggerated the situation in which almost all Europeans are beginning to find themselves. Imagine a cell so overcrowded with prisoners that no one can move an arm or leg without jostling the bodies of the others. In such a situation, movements have to be carried out in common and even the respiratory muscles must work to an ordered rhythm. This is what Europe would be turned into, an anthill. But not even this cruel picture is a solution. The human anthill is impossible, because it is through what is known as individualism that the world and every man in the world have been enriched, and it is this enrichment that has so fabulously multiplied the human plant. Were the remains of this 'individualism' to vanish, the gigantic famine of the Lower Empire would reappear in Europe and the anthill would succumb as at the breath of an angry and vengeful god. There would be left far fewer men, but men who would be a little more worthy of the name.

Before the fierce pathos of this question, which is already in sight whether we will or no, the theme of 'social justice,' for all its respectability, pales and shrinks until it resembles the false, rhetorical sigh of romanticism. But the question also brings into orientation

ways of achieving whatever is possible and just in this 'social justice,' ways that seem not to pass through a wretched socialization but to lead directly to a generous 'solidarism.' The word is weak because it has not yet been filled out with a strong system of social and historical ideas, and so smells only of vague philanthropies.

IV

The first condition for improving the present situation, and the only thing that will enable us to attack the evil at the deep levels from which it springs, is an awareness of its enormous difficulty. We must realize that it is very hard to save a civilization when its hour has come to fall beneath the power of demagogues. For the demagogue has been the great strangler of civilization. Both Greek and Roman civilizations fell at the hands of this loathsome creature who brought from Macaulay the remark that 'in every century the vilest examples of human nature have been among demagogues.' But a man is not a demagogue simply because he stands up and shouts at the crowd. There are times when this can be a hallowed office. The real demagoguery of the demagogue is in his mind and is rooted in his irresponsibility towards the ideas that he handles — ideas not of his own creation, but which he has only taken over from their true creators. Demagoguery is a form of intellectual degeneration, which as a sweeping phenomenon of European history first appeared in France around 1750. Why then? Why in France? This is one of the vital points in the destiny of the West, and especially in the destiny of France.

The fact is that from then on it was the general belief in France — and this belief spread through almost the entire continent — that the only method of solving great human problems was the method of revolution, meaning by this what Leibnitz called 'general revolution': the will to change everything at

a single blow and in all spheres of life. It is thanks to this that that marvel, France, has arrived in such a bad state at the difficult conjuncture of the present. For that country has, or thinks it has, a revolutionary tradition, and if it is bad enough to be revolutionary, how much worse is it to be so, paradoxically, by tradition! It is true that France has had one Great Revolution and several that were grim or ridiculous, but if we stick to the bare truth of the records we see that the main result of those revolutions was that for a century — with the exception of a few days or weeks — the political forms of France, more than those of any other country, were to a greater or less extent authoritarian and counter-revolutionary. It is particularly clear that the great moral bog of French history, the twenty years of the Second Empire, was above all due to the buffooneries of the revolutionists of 1848, many of whom were admitted by Raspail himself to have been his former clients.

In revolutions the abstract tries to rebel against the concrete; failure is therefore of the very substance of revolutions. Human affairs, unlike problems of astronomy or chemistry, are not abstract. They are historical, and therefore in the highest degree concrete. The only method of thinking about them with some chance of hitting the mark is 'historic reason.' Looking back over the political life of France in the last hundred and fifty years, one is struck by the fact that her geometers, physicists, and doctors have almost always been wrong in their political judgments, whereas the historians have seldom missed.

In my exile in France, wandering alone through the streets of Paris, I came to realize that I really know no one in that great city but the statues. Among these at least I found old friends who had stimulated or had been the lasting masters of my inner life, and, having no one else to talk to, I discussed with them

the great problems of mankind. Perhaps some day I will publish these 'Conversations with Statues' that so sweetened a painful and sterile stage of my life.

In one I reasoned with the Marquis de Condorcet, on the Quai Conti, on the dangerous concept of progress. With the little bust of Comte, in his apartment in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, I spoke of 'spiritual power,' wielded so inadequately by literary mandarins and by a university out of joint with the real life of nations. I also had the honor of carrying a message from this bust to the large one in the Place de la Sorbonne, the bust of the false Comte, the official one, the Comte de Littré. But of course my greatest interest was in listening once again to the man to whom Europe owes the most, our great master Descartes.

Our three centuries of experience with 'rationalism' force us to take new stock of the glory and limitations of that prodigious Cartesian 'reason.' It is a system of thought purely mathematical, physical, biological. Its extraordinary triumphs over nature, beyond anything that had been dreamed, only underline further its failure in the realm of strictly human affairs and demand that it be integrated in the more deep-rooted system of 'historic reason.'

The latter shows us the futility of all general revolution, of all attempts — such as that of the Confusionists of '89 — to bring about a sudden change of society and begin history anew. It opposes to the method of revolution the only method worthy of the long experience that lies behind the European of today. Revolutions, so incontinent in their hypocritically generous haste to proclaim the rights of man, have always violated, trampled on, and broken man's most fundamental right, so fundamental that it may stand as the definition of his being: the right to continuity. The only radical difference between human history and 'natural history' is

that the former can never begin again. Koehler and others have shown that the chimpanzee and the orangutan are distinguished from man not by what is known strictly speaking as intelligence, but because they have far less memory. Every morning the poor beasts have to face almost total oblivion of what they lived through the day before, and their intellect has to work with a minimum fund of experience. Similarly, the tiger of today is identical with that of six thousand years ago, each one having to begin his life as a tiger from the beginning as if none had ever existed before him.

But man, thanks to his power of memory, accumulates his past; he possesses and can make use of it. Man is never the first man, but begins his life on a certain level of accumulated past. That is his single treasure, his mark and privilege. And the important part of this treasure is not what seems to us correct and worth preserving, but the memory of mistakes, allowing us not to repeat the same ones forever. Man's real treasure is the treasure of his mistakes, piled up stone by stone through thousands of years. It is because of this that Nietzsche defined man as the being 'with the longest memory.' Breaking the continuity with the past, wanting to begin again, is a lowering of man and a plagiarism of the orangutan. It was a Frenchman, Dupont-White, who around 1860 had the courage to exclaim: 'Continuity is one of the rights of man; it is a homage to everything that distinguishes him from the beast.'

When at the coronation of King George VI the English people gave unusual solemnity to the rite of coronation, they affirmed, in face of the turmoil on the continent, the permanent standards that govern their life. As always, they have given us a lesson. For the history of Europe presents the picture of a bustling throng of peoples, full of genius but without serenity, never mature, always adolescent, with behind

them, in the background, England — the nurse of Europe. It is said that for a long time the British monarchy has been a merely symbolic institution. This is quite true, but the phrase leaves its finest aspect out of account. Actually the monarchy fulfills no material, tangible function in the British Empire; it is not its rôle to govern, nor to administer justice, nor to command the army; but this does not make it an empty and useless institution. The British monarchy fulfills a highly determined and effective function: that of symbolizing.

England is the country that has always reached the future first, leading the others in almost every sphere of life. We might omit the 'almost.' And now this same people, not without a little of the pure impertinence of the dandy, forces us to witness an age-old ceremonial and to see in action — for they have never ceased to be actual — the oldest and most magical tools in its history, the crown and sceptre, which with us rule nothing but the luck in a pack of cards. With such gestures the English persist in proving to us that their past, precisely because it is past, because they themselves experienced it, still exists for them. From a future

which we have not yet reached they show us a past in full force. This is not simply a figure of speech, but literally true, since it applies where the words 'in force' have the most immediate meaning — that is, in law. In England there is 'no barrier between the past and the present. Practical law can be traced back through history with no discontinuity to times immemorial. Juridically speaking, there is no such thing as "ancient English law." In England, therefore, all law is modern, no matter what its age.'⁴

The English circulate through their whole history; they are the true masters, the actual possessors of their centuries. And this is what it means to be a people of men: to be able to continue one's yesterday today without thereby ceasing to live for tomorrow; to live in the real present, since the present is only the presence of past and future, the place where the past and the future actually exist.

Through the symbolic rites of coronation, England has once more opposed to the revolutionary method the method of continuity, the only one that can avoid, in the course of human affairs, that pathological element that makes history a notorious, constant struggle between paralytics and epileptics.

⁴ Levy-Ullmann, *Le Système Juridique de l'Angleterre*, vol. I, pp. 38-39. — AUTHOR

WHY I LIVE AT THE P. O.

BY EUDORA WELTY

I

I was getting along fine with Mama, Papa-Daddy, and Uncle Rondo till my sister Stella-Rondo just separated from her husband and came back home again. Mr. Whitaker! Of course I went with Mr. Whitaker first, when he first appeared here in China Grove, taking Pose-Yourself photos; and Stella-Rondo broke us up. Told him I was one-sided — bigger on one side than the other, which is a deliberate, calculated falsehood: I'm the same. Stella-Rondo is exactly twelve months to the day younger than I am, and for that reason she's spoiled.

She's always had anything in the world she wanted, and then she'd throw it away. Papa-Daddy gave her this gorgeous Add-a-Pearl necklace when she was eight years old and she threw it away playing baseball when she was nine, with only two pearls.

So as soon as she got married and moved away from home, the first thing she did was separate! From Mr. Whitaker — this photographer with the pop-eyes she said she trusted! Came home from one of those towns up in Illinois, and to our complete surprise brought this child of two.

Mama said she liked to made her drop dead for a second. 'Here you had this marvelous blonde child and never so much as wrote your mother a word about it,' says Mama. 'I'm thoroughly ashamed of you.' But of course she wasn't.

Stella-Rondo just calmly takes off

this hat with a snood. She says, 'Why, Mama, Shirley-T.'s adopted — I can prove it.'

'How?' says Mama, but all I says was, 'H'm!'

There I was over the hot stove trying to stretch two chickens over five people and a completely unexpected child into the bargain, without one moment's notice.

'What do you mean — "H'm!"' says Stella-Rondo, and Mama says, 'I heard that, Sister.'

I said that oh I didn't mean a thing, only that whoever Shirley-T. was she was the spit-image of Papa-Daddy if he'd cut off his beard, which of course he'd never do in the world. Papa-Daddy is Mama's papa and sulks.

Stella-Rondo got furious! She said, 'Sister, I don't need to tell you you got a lot of nerve and always did have, and I'll thank you to make no future reference to my adopted child whatsoever.'

'Very well,' I said, 'very well, very well. Of course I noticed at once she looks like Mr. Whitaker's side too. That frown. She looks like a cross between Mr. Whitaker and Papa-Daddy.'

'Well, all I can say is she isn't.'

'She looks exactly like Shirley Temple to me,' says Mama, but Shirley-T. just ran away from her.

So the first thing Stella-Rondo did at the table was turn Papa-Daddy against me.

'Papa-Daddy,' she says. (He was

trying to cut up his meat.) 'Papa-Daddy!' (I was taken completely by surprise. Papa-Daddy is about a million years old and's got this long-long beard.) 'Papa-Daddy, Sister says she fails to understand why you don't cut off your beard.'

So Papa-Daddy lays down his knife and fork! He's real rich. Mamma says he is; he says he isn't. So he says, 'So you don't understand why I don't cut off my beard.'

'Why,' I says, 'Papa-Daddy, of course I understand. I did not say any such of a thing — the idea!'

He says, 'Hussy!'

I says, 'Why, Papa-Daddy, you know I wouldn't any more want you to cut off your beard than the man in the moon. It was the farthest thing from my mind! Stella-Rondo sat there and made that up while she was eating breast of chicken.'

But he says, 'So the postmistress fails to understand why I don't cut off my beard. Which job I got you through my influence with the government. Maybe you think it's a bird's nest. Is that it?'

Not that it isn't the next-to-smallest P. O. in the entire state of Mississippi.

I says, 'Oh, Papa-Daddy.' I says, 'I didn't say any such of a thing. I never dreamed it was a bird's nest. I have always been grateful, though this is the next-to-smallest P. O. in the state of Mississippi, and I do not enjoy being referred to as a hussy by my own grandfather.'

But Stella-Rondo says, 'Yes, you did say it, too. Anybody in the world could of heard you that had ears.'

'Stop right there,' says Mama, looking at me.

So I drew my napkin straight back through the napkin ring and left the table.

As soon as I was out of the room, Stella-Rondo says, 'She said it not once but repeatedly,' and Papa-Daddy says, 'Started growing it on the Coast when

I was fifteen years old.' He would of gone on till nightfall if Shirley-T. hadn't lost the Milky Way she ate in Cairo.

So Papa-Daddy says, 'I am going out and lie in the hammock and you can all sit here and remember my words: I'll never cut off my beard as long as I live, even one inch, and I don't appreciate it in you at all.'

Passed right by me in the hall and went straight out and got in the hammock.

II

It *would* be a holiday. It wasn't five minutes before Uncle Rondo suddenly appeared in the hall in one of Stella-Rondo's flesh-colored kimonos all cut on the bias like something Mr. Whitaker probably thought was gorgeous.

'Uncle Rondo!' I says. 'I didn't know who that was! Where are you going?'

'Sister,' he says, 'get out of the way. I'm poisoned.'

'Then stay away from Papa-Daddy,' I says. 'Keep out of the hammock. Papa-Daddy will certainly beat you on the head if you come within forty miles of him: he thinks I deliberately said he ought to cut off his beard after he got me the P. O., and I've told him and told him and told him, and he acts like he just don't hear me. Papa-Daddy must of gone stone-deaf.'

'Well, he picked a fine day to do it then,' says Uncle Rondo, and before you could say Jack Robinson he flew out in the yard.

What he'd really done, he'd drunk another bottle of that prescription; he does it every single Fourth of July as sure as shooting, and it's horribly expensive. Then he falls over in the hammock and snores. So he insisted on zigzagging right on out to the hammock, looking like a half-wit.

Papa-Daddy woke up with this horrible yell, and right there in the hammock he tried to turn Uncle Rondo against me.

I heard every word he said. Oh, he told Uncle Rondo I didn't learn to read till I was eight years old and he didn't see how in the world I ever got the mail put up at the P. O., much less read it all, and he said if Uncle Rondo could only fathom the lengths he had gone to to get me that job! And he said on the other hand he thought Stella-Rondo had a brilliant mind and deserved credit for getting out of town. All the time he was just lying there swinging as pretty as you please and looping out his beard, and poor Uncle Rondo was *pleading* with him to stop the hammock, it was making him so dizzy. He was too dizzy to get turned against me as yet. He's Mama's only brother, never married, and is a good case of a one-track mind. Ask anybody. A certified pharmacist.

Just then I heard Stella-Rondo raising the upstairs window. While she was married she got this peculiar idea that it's cooler with the windows shut and locked. So she has to raise the window before she can make a soul hear her outdoors.

So she raises the window and says, 'Oh!' You would have thought she was mortally wounded.

Uncle Rondo and Papa-Daddy didn't even look up. I had to laugh.

I flew upstairs and threw the door open. I says, 'What in the wide world's the matter, Stella-Rondo? You mortally wounded?'

'No,' she says, 'I am not mortally wounded, but I wish you would do me the favor of looking out that window there and telling me what you see.'

So I shade my eyes and look out the window.

'I see the front yard,' I says.

'Don't you see any human beings?' she says.

'I see Uncle Rondo trying to run Papa-Daddy out of the hammock,' I says. 'Nothing more. Naturally, it's so suffocating-hot in the house, with all the windows shut and locked, everybody who stays in their right mind will have

to go out and get in the hammock before the Fourth of July is over.'

'Don't you notice anything different about Uncle Rondo?' asks Stella-Rondo.

'Why, no, except he's got on some terrible-looking flesh-colored contraption I wouldn't be found dead in, is all I can see,' I says.

'Never mind, you won't be found dead in it, because it happens to be part of my trousseau, and Mr. Whitaker took several dozen photographs of me in it,' says Stella-Rondo. 'What on earth could Uncle Rondo *mean* by wearing part of my trousseau out in the broad open daylight without saying so much as kiss-my-foot, *knowing* I only got home this morning after my separation and hung my negligee up on the bathroom door, just as nervous as I could be?'

'Well, what do you expect me to do about it?' I says. 'Jump out the window?'

'No, I expect nothing of the kind. I simply say that Uncle Rondo looks like a fool in it, that's all,' she says.

'Well, he looks as good as he can,' I says. 'As good as anybody in reason could.' I stood up for Uncle Rondo, please remember. And I said to Stella-Rondo, 'I think I would do well not to criticize so freely if I were you, and came home with a two-year-old child I had never said a word about and no explanation whatever about my separation.'

'I asked you the instant I entered this house not to refer one more time to my adopted child and you gave me your word of honor you would not,' was all Stella-Rondo would say, and started pulling out every one of her eyebrows with some cheap tweezers.

So I merely slammed the door behind me and went down and made some green-tomato pickle. Somebody had to do it. Of course Mama had turned both the Negroes loose; she always said no earthly power could hold one anyway on the

Fourth of July, so she wouldn't even try. It turned out that Jaypan fell in Eagle Lake and came within a very narrow limit of drowning.

So Mama trots in. Lifts up the lid and says, 'H'm! Not very good for your Uncle Rondo in his precarious condition, I must say. Or poor little adopted Shirley-T. Shame on you!'

That made me tired. I says, 'Well, Stella-Rondo had better thank her lucky stars it was her instead of me come trotting in with that very peculiar-looking child. Now if it had been me that trotted in from Illinois and brought a peculiar-looking child of two, I shudder to think of the reception I'd of got, much less controlled the diet of an entire family.'

'But you must remember, Sister, that you were never married to Mr. Whitaker in the first place and didn't go up to Illinois to live,' says Mama, shaking a spoon in my face. 'If you had, I would of been just as overjoyed to see you and your little adopted girl as I was to see Stella-Rondo, when you wound up with your separation and came on back home.'

'You would not,' I says.

'Don't contradict me! I would,' says Mama.

But I said she couldn't convince me though she talked till she was blue in the face. Then I said, 'Besides, you know as well as I do that that child is not adopted.'

'She most certainly is adopted,' says Mama, stiff as a poker.

I says, 'Why, Mama, Stella-Rondo had her just as sure as anything in this world, and just too stuck-up to admit it.'

'Why, Sister!' says Mama. 'Here I thought we were going to have a pleasant Fourth of July and you start right out not believing a word your own baby sister tells you!'

'Just like Cousin Annie Flo. Went to her grave denying the facts of life,' I remind Mama.

'I told you if you ever mentioned Annie Flo's name I'd slap your face,' says Mama, and slaps my face.

'All right, you wait and see,' I says.

'I,' says Mama, 'I prefer to take my children's word for anything when it's humanly possible.' You ought to see Mama — she weighs two hundred and two pounds and has real tiny feet.

Just then something perfectly horrible occurred to me.

'Mama!' I says. 'Can that child talk?' I simply had to whisper! 'Mama, I wonder if that child can be — you know — in any way? Do you realize,' I says, 'that she hasn't spoken one single solitary word to a human being up to this minute? This is the way she looks,' I says, and I looked like this.

Well, Mama and I just stood there and stared at each other. It was horrible!

'I remember well that Joe Whitaker frequently drank like a fish,' says Mama. 'I believed to my soul he drank *chemicals*.' And without another word she marches to the foot of the stairs and calls Stella-Rondo.

'Stella-Rondo? O-o-o-o-o-oh, Stella-Rondo!'

'What!' says Stella-Rondo from upstairs. Not even the grace to get up off the bed.

'Can that child of yours talk?' asks Mama.

Stella-Rondo says, 'Can she what?'

'Talk! Talk!' says Mama. 'Burdy-burdy-burdy-burdy!'

So Stella-Rondo yells back, 'Who says she can't talk?'

'Sister says so,' says Mama.

'You didn't have to tell me — I know whose word of honor don't mean a thing in this house,' says Stella-Rondo.

And in a minute the loudest Yankee voice I ever heard in my life yells out, 'Oi'm Pop-oi the Sailor-r-r Ma-a-an!' and then somebody jumps up and down in the upstairs hall. In another second the house would of fallen down.

'Not only talks, she can tap-dance!'

calls Stella-Rondo. 'Which is more than some people I won't name can do.'

'Why, the little precious darling thing!' Mama says, so surprised. 'Just as smart as she can be!' Starts talking baby talk right there. Then she turns on me. 'Sister, you ought to be thoroughly ashamed! Run upstairs this instant and apologize to Stella-Rondo and Shirley-T.'

'Apologize for what?' I says. 'I merely wondered if the child was normal, that's all. Now that she's proved she is, why, I have nothing further to say.'

But Mama just turned on her heel and flew out, furious. She ran right upstairs and hugged the baby. She believed it was adopted. Stella-Rondo had turned her against me from upstairs while I stood there helpless over the hot stove. So that made Mama, Papa-Daddy, and the baby all on Stella-Rondo's side.

Next, Uncle Rondo.

I must say that Uncle Rondo has been wonderful to me at various times in the past, and I was completely unprepared to be made to jump out of my skin, the way it turned out. Once Stella-Rondo did something perfectly horrible to him — broke a chain letter from Flanders Field — and he took the radio back he had given her and gave it to me. Stella-Rondo was furious! For six months we all had to call her Stella instead of Stella-Rondo, or she wouldn't answer. I always thought Uncle Rondo had all the brains of the entire family — a brilliant mind. Another time he sent me to Mammoth Cave, with all expenses paid.

But this would be the day he was drinking that prescription, the Fourth of July.

So at supper Stella-Rondo speaks up and says she thinks Uncle Rondo ought to try to eat a little something. So finally Uncle Rondo said he would try a little cold biscuits and ketchup, but that was all. So *she* brought it to him.

'Do you think it wise to disport with ketchup in Stella-Rondo's flesh-colored

kimono?' I says. Trying to be considerate! If Stella-Rondo couldn't watch out for her underwear, somebody had to.

'Any objections?' says Uncle Rondo, just about to pour out the ketchup.

'Don't mind what she says, Uncle Rondo,' says Stella-Rondo. 'Sister has been devoting this solid afternoon to sneering out my bedroom window at the way you look.'

'What's that?' says Uncle Rondo. Uncle Rondo has got the most terrible temper in the world. Anything is liable to make him tear the house down if it comes at the wrong time.

So Stella-Rondo says, 'Sister says, "Uncle Rondo certainly does look like a fool in that pink kimono!"'

Do you remember who it was really said that?

Uncle Rondo spills all the ketchup up and jumps up and tears off the kimono and throws it down on the dirty floor and puts his foot on it. It had to be sent all the way to Jackson to the cleaners and repleated.

'So that's your opinion of your Uncle Rondo, is it?' he says. 'I look like a fool, do I? Well, that's the last straw. A whole day in this house with nothing to do, and then to hear you come out with a remark like that behind my back!'

'I didn't say any such of a thing, Uncle Rondo,' I says, 'and I'm not saying who did, either. Why, I think you look all right. Just try to take care of yourself and not talk and eat at the same time,' I says. 'I think you better go lie down.'

'Lie down my foot!' says Uncle Rondo. I ought to of known by that he was fixing to do something perfectly horrible.

III

So he didn't do anything that night in the precarious state he was in — just played casino with Mama and Stella-Rondo and Shirley-T., and gave Shirley-

T. a nickel with a head on both sides and tickled her nearly to death, and she called him 'Papa' and he believed she was adopted. Men believe anything. But at 6.30 A.M. the next morning he threw a whole five-cent package of some unsold one-inch firecrackers from the store as hard as he could into my bedroom and they every one went off. Not one bad one in the string. Anybody else, there'd be one that wouldn't go off.

Well, I'm just terribly susceptible to noise of any kind; the doctor has always told me I was the most sensitive person he had ever seen in his whole life; and I was simply prostrated. I couldn't eat! People tell me they heard it as far as the cemetery, and old Aunt Jep Patterson, that had been holding her own so good, thought it was Judgment Day and she was going to meet her whole family. It's usually so quiet here.

And I'll tell you it didn't take me long to make up my mind what to do. There I was with the whole entire house on Stella-Rondo's side and turned against me. If I have anything, I have pride.

So I just decided I'd go straight down to the P. O. There's plenty of room there in the back, I says to myself.

Well, I made no bones about letting the family catch on to what I was up to. I didn't try to conceal it.

The first thing they knew, I marched in where they were all playing Old Maid and pulled the electric oscillating fan out by the plug, and everything got real hot. Next I snatched the pillow I'd done the needlepoint on right off the davenport from behind Papa-Daddy. He went 'Ugh!' I beat Stella-Rondo upstairs and finally found my slave bracelet in her bureau drawer under a picture of Nelson Eddy.

'So that's the way the land lies,' says Uncle Rondo. There he was, piecing on the ham. 'Well, Sister, I'll be glad to donate my army cot if you got any place you can set it up, providing you'll leave

right this minute and let me get some peace.' Uncle Rondo was in France.

'Thank you kindly for the cot, and peace is hardly the word I would select if I had to resort to firecrackers at 6.30 A.M. in a young girl's bedroom,' I says back to him. 'And as to where I intend to go, you seem to forget my position as postmistress of China Grove, Mississippi,' I says. 'I've always got the P. O.'

Well, that made them all sit up and take notice.

I went out front and started digging up some four-o'clocks to plant around the P. O.

'Ah-ah-ah!' says Mama, raising the window. 'Those happen to be my four-o'clocks. Everything planted in that star is mine. I've never known you to make anything grow in your life.'

'Very well,' I says. 'But I take the fern. Even you, Mama, can't stand there and deny that I'm the one watered that fern. And I happen to know where I can send in a box top and get a packet of one thousand mixed seeds, no two the same kind, free.'

'Oh, where?' Mama wants to know.

But I says, 'Too late. You tend to your house and I'll tend to mine. You hear things like that all the time if you know how to listen to the radio. Perfectly marvelous offers. Get anything you want free.'

So I hope to tell you I marched in and got that radio and they could of all bit a nail in two, especially Stella-Rondo, that it used to belong to, and she well knew she couldn't get it back — I'd sue for it like a shot. And I very politely took the sewing-machine motor I helped pay the most on to give Mama for Christmas back in 1929, and a good big calendar, with the first-aid remedies on it. The thermometer and the Hawaiian ukulele certainly were rightfully mine, and I stood on the stepladder and got all my watermelon-rind preserves and every fruit and vegetable I'd put up, every jar. Then I began to pull the tacks out

of the bluebird wall vases on the archway to the dining room.

'Who told you you could have those, Miss Priss?' says Mama, fanning as hard as she could.

'I bought 'em and I'll keep track of 'em,' I says. 'I'll tack 'em up one on each side the post-office window and you can see 'em when you come to ask me for your mail, if you're so dead to see 'em.'

'Not I! I'll never darken the door to that post office again if I live to be a hundred,' Mama says. 'Ungrateful child! After all the money we spent on you at the Normal.'

'Me either,' says Stella-Rondo. 'You can just let my mail lie there and rot for all I care. I'll never come and relieve you of a single solitary piece.'

'I should worry,' I says. 'And who you think's going to sit down and write you all those big fat letters and postcards, by the way? Mr. Whitaker? Just because he was the only man ever dropped down in China Grove and you got him — unfairly — is he going to sit down and write you a lengthy correspondence after you come home giving no rhyme nor reason whatsoever for your separation and no explanation for the presence of that child? I may not have your brilliant mind, but I fail to see it.'

So Mama says, 'Sister, I've told you a thousand times that Stella-Rondo simply got homesick and this child is far too big to be hers'; and she says, 'Now why don't you all just sit down and play casino?'

Then Shirley-T. sticks out her tongue at me in this perfectly horrible way. She has no more manners than the man in the moon. I told her she was going to cross her eyes like that some day and they'd stick.

'It's too late to stop me now,' I says. 'You should have tried that yesterday. I'm going to the P. O., and the only way you can possibly see me is to visit me there.'

So Papa-Daddy says, 'You'll never catch me settin' foot in that post office, even if I should take a notion into my head to write a letter some place.' He says, 'I won't have you reachin' out of that little old window with a pair of shears and cuttin' off any beard of mine. I'm too smart for you!'

'We all are,' says Stella-Rondo.

But I said, 'If you're so smart, where's Mr. Whitaker?'

So then Uncle Rondo says, 'I'll thank you from now on to stop reading the orders I get on postcards and telling everybody in China Grove what you think is the matter with them,' but I says, 'I draw my own conclusions and will continue in the future to draw them.' I says, 'If people write their inmost secrets on penny postcards, there's nothing in the wide world you can do about it, Uncle Rondo.'

'And if you think we'll ever *write* another postcard, you're sadly mistaken,' says Mama.

'Cutting off your nose to spite your face, then,' I says. 'But if you're all determined to have no more to do with the U.S. Mail, think of this: what will Stella-Rondo do now if she wants to tell Mr. Whitaker to come after her?'

'Wah!' says Stella-Rondo. I knew she'd cry. She had a conniption fit right there in the living room.

'It will be interesting to see how long she holds out,' I says. 'And now — I am leaving.'

'Good-bye,' says Uncle Rondo.

'Oh, I declare!' says Mama. 'To think that a family of mine should quarrel on the Fourth of July, over Stella-Rondo leaving old Mr. Whitaker and having the sweetest little adopted child! It looks like we'd all be glad!'

'Wah!' says Stella-Rondo, and has a fresh conniption fit.

'He left *her* — you mark my words,' I says. '*That's* Mr. Whitaker. I know Mr. Whitaker. After all, I knew him first. I said from the beginning he'd up and leave her. I foretold it all.'

'Where did he go?' asks Mama.

'Probably to the North Pole, if he knows what's good for him,' I says.

But Stella-Rondo just bawled and wouldn't say another word. She flew to her room and slammed the door.

'Now look what you've done, Sister,' says Mama. 'You go apologize.'

'No, I am leaving,' I says.

'Well, what are you waiting around for?' asks Uncle Rondo.

So I just marched off without saying kiss-my-foot or anything, and never did tell Stella-Rondo good-bye.

There was a Negro girl going along on a little wagon right in front.

'Girl,' I says, 'come help me haul these things down the hill. I'm going to live in the post office.'

Took her nine trips in her express wagon. Uncle Rondo came out on the porch and threw her a nickel.

IV

And that's the last I've laid eyes on any of my family or my family laid eyes on me for five solid days and nights. Stella-Rondo may be telling the most horrible tales in the world about Mr. Whitaker, but I haven't heard them.

As I tell everybody, I draw my own conclusions.

But oh, I like it here. It's ideal, as I've been saying. You see, I've got everything cater-cornered, the way I like it. Hear the radio? All the war news. Radio, sewing machine, book ends, ironing board, and that great big piano lamp — peace, that's what I like. Butter-bean vines planted all along the front where the strings are.

Of course, there's not much mail. My family are naturally the main people in China Grove, and if they prefer to vanish from the face of the earth, for all the mail they get or the mail they write, why, I'm not going to open my mouth. Some of the folks here in town are taking up for me and some turned against me. I know which is which. There are always people who will quit buying stamps just to get on the good side of Papa-Daddy.

But here I am, and here I'll stay. I want the world to know I'm happy.

And if Stella-Rondo should come to me this minute, on bended knees, and *attempt* to explain the incidents of her life with Mr. Whitaker, I'd simply put my fingers in both my ears and refuse to listen.

INNER SONG WHILE WATCHING A SQUARE DANCE

CALICO, cantle, scythe and snath,
Meadow, mountain, river path,
*Swing on your corner like swingin' on a gate,
Now to your own if you're not too late,*
The blood of you,
The blood of you
In every state:
Blood of your temple, wrist and thigh
Coursing imperceptibly
Wherever they stop at a filling station,
Wherever they beg to renew a note,
Wherever the sundown makes you love
And the new moon grips your throat.

*Docie-doe your lipstick,
Swing your corner la-dee,
Promenade your cigarette
And swing her twice around!*

Your Uncle Bill, he drove a drill
In the Moon Anchor mine in Cripple Creek,
Grandpa Amos scraped the hull
Of a windjammer three barnacles thick . . .
*Promenade, O promenade,
Oregon and Everglade . . .*
Agatha's shoes had toes of brass
That scuffed the sage in a mountain pass,
Aunt Sophronia, Mohawk Valley,
Uncle Pedro, Sacramento,
Uncle Horace, Broad and Wall,
Where sound conservative sparrows fall
On poor Aunt Cecil who fell in love
With a man who sold her a citrus grove,
And Barbara Jean and Shirley Mae
Were Flo and Polly yesterday,
(In the gloaming, O my darling . . .)
Flo and Polly yesterday,
Yesterday and yesterday,
Flavia, Persephone,
Eve and Lilith yesterday . . .

*Buffalo gals will you come out tonight,
In the ilex grove,
In the lotos light,*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Buffalo gals will you come out tonight
And stain your breasts with grape!

And the dance goes on
And the dance goes on,
The centuries go bare,
Go bare
As the color of wood where the paint is off
In a mountain town all falling down,
And they don't remember who it was
Put bleeding heart on the hose-cart hubs
For the fire parade, and briar rose,
Nobody knows and nobody knows
The pinch of parfleche moccasins
The night the bison hunt begins,
Or how it smells to trim a wick
Or how it feels to dust a lick
Of salt with the wing of a dappled hawk,
But around the ring you walk, walk, walk,
And you skip, skip, skip,
And you run, run, run,
And your permanent wave is melting down
And your white gardenia's edging brown,
One little two little three little injuns . . .
White gardenia edging brown,
Pale Comanches in the moonlight,
Pinto ponies in the moonlight,
Four little five little six little injuns . . .
Hurry, take my hand!

One little two little three little injuns . . .
Hurry, take my hand!

The white gardenia will not stay,
Her feet are far-off clover hay,
The gear-shift knob that moulds her palm
Is long away,
Is long away,
Her hair is wind, her hair is gay,
He swings her twice around:
The phosphor of the ranges feels
The juice of cornlands in her heels,
Her throat has sung the seas apart
And all the hills are in her heart,
All the cities, every state . . .
Now to your own if you're not too late . . .
And the dance goes on
And the blood goes on
Till the constellations burn you down,
And O it's dark from here to town.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

RADIO FOR THE FUTURE

BY GILBERT SELDES

I

AT various times the searcher among the short waves of radio picks up unfamiliar and exotic call letters, which may remind him of the early experimental days of broadcasting; but the major miracles of radio today are under call letters which the ordinary radio never receives. They contain the combination of a numeral and an X — and the X is for experiment. In W2XAB or W2XBS the experiment is television; in W2XMN it is frequency modulation; in W2XBF it is facsimile transmission — and these three are the revolutionary experiments in communication of our time. They vary in significance; each has social, financial, and technical problems to solve, touching the daily life of the common man; questions of art, monopoly, and the great good of the great number will rise in each.

The layman, reading a ten-line news item about a decision made in Washington, understands just enough to know that 'something is happening in radio.' He is not yet seriously disturbed; he is replacing his last year's radio with a more compact, or more shapely, or bigger, or handier, or even more cleverly advertised radio — but it is basically the same instrument of reception; and he is actually doing this act of faith in radio more often than ever. There seems to be no reason for alarm; but there is excellent reason for interest. What's new in radio will be of consequence to the citizen.

The simplest of the three major ex-

periments is known in brief as 'facsimile.' It is an extension, in effect, of the process by which a photograph of a bomber fallen over London is 'cabled' or 'wirelessed' to the AP Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, and is relayed to newspapers all over the United States. Facsimile proposes, most dramatically, to send you a photograph of a daily paper; it will be printed, so to speak, in and by your receiver during the night. In the morning, you will have it at hand. The stylus which 'writes' the copy may make as many as a hundred strokes for one inch of the facsimile newspaper; so the process is still slow, and the 'newspaper' you receive may be rather smaller than the one you buy at a news stand. This is not, however, inherent in the method.

The most active station in facsimile broadcasting is WOR of New York, the Eastern headquarters of the Mutual Broadcasting System; and WOR's Chief Engineer, J. R. Popple, describes facsimile as 'the service that transmits a miniature newspaper through the air waves, into your home.' (Transmission can be done at night, when many stations are off the air; and reception can be effected by a simple attachment to a radio receiver.) This function may lead facsimile into its most serious opposition. Radio is fulfilling what had been an almost exclusive function of the newspapers (the dissemination of news) and is also sharing in the major perquisite of the newspapers (revenue from adver-

tising). But radio certainly never threatened to supply a physical substitute for the morning paper, until facsimile proved that this could be done.

There are, however, reasonable possibilities of friendly relations. Before facsimile can operate, its original must be set in type; before that, the news must be gathered; so, in production, a division of functions can be foreseen. And in distribution the publisher may use facsimile for his suburban delivery by carrier wave instead of newspaper carrier. But it is too early even to guess at the effect of facsimile on the press.

Perhaps this function of facsimile has been exaggerated. No good reason for wanting a facsimile, when you can get a regular newspaper, has yet been adduced. As the American public becomes more and more habituated to getting its late headlines by radio, its features from tabloids, and its interpretations from newspaper text, the position of facsimile as above all things a transmitter of a miniature newspaper seems to be weak.

In *We Present Television*, Mr. Poppele lists a number of other uses of facsimile: transmitting information to police and radio cars; sending maps and weather data to airplanes in flight; by press services, transmitting news 'as well as black-and-white and color illustrations'; in the classroom, cutting mimeographed stencils. He adds that President Roosevelt, when on board ship, frequently receives late news by this service. Since it is, however, so much slower than radio telephony, or telegraphy, or short-wave broadcasting, its advantages in the last-named case seem almost entirely in the nature of publicity.

For the police to pick up a chart or a diagram with great rapidity and be able to study it (because, unlike television, facsimile creates a permanent record) must be a great advantage; facsimile reception in airplanes also seems exceptionally useful. But on the whole one

has the feeling that the potentialities of facsimile have not been explored. The lineaments of a fleeing gunman can already reach outlying hideaways before the criminal can reach them — unless he flies a plane as fast as the fastest. But there ought to be dozens of social uses of a new invention like facsimile; I have no doubt that eventually they will be discovered.

II

In a comprehensive article on the Armstrong system of frequency modulation, *Fortune* pointed out that facsimile would — or could — bring on a rivalry with newspapers; that television might be considered a rival to the motion picture; but that frequency modulation would create rivalry in radio itself. Frequency modulation is another method of sending audible signals to your radio receiver; you will require a different receiver, but you will tune in by pressing a button or dialing; and you will probably hear the same kinds of programs. In fact, you can do all of these things today in certain parts of the United States, particularly in New England and in New York City; at this moment more than fifty stations have applied for permission to broadcast by frequency modulation, commercial sponsorship is available for programs, and sets are already on the market to receive broadcasts by this new method.

It is probable that during the early months or possibly the first few years of FM broadcasting there will be some variations from the program material now familiar to us. The broadcasters by FM may exploit their system by spectacular transmissions unavailable to the older system of amplitude modulation; they could, for instance, prepare scripts requiring more matches to be lit, more liquid to be poured, more whispers to be whispered — because frequency modulation can transmit these sounds, so treacherous in ordinary broadcasting, with astounding fidelity. I say they

could, but I do not think they will. The owner of an FM receiver will want, above all things, good radio entertainment; and the chances remain 100 to 1 that he will be receiving the same kind of entertainment on his FM receiver as his neighbor receives on his AM receiver. According to enthusiasts for FM, he will receive these broadcasts more clearly, with less interference, and with greater pleasure to himself.

Note that, alone of the three new experiments in communication, FM does not, of itself, require new kinds of programs. In fact, one might say that its acceptance by the public depends to a large degree on the programs which the public already adores.

There is, however, one way in which FM may alter the nature of current radio programs. Under the present rules of operation, all the FM stations in a given area transmit with equal effectiveness; as the engineers say, their signal strength is identical; as the layman says, the sound is equally loud and clear on all stations. This means that, while FM may not increase the actual number of stations in a district, it will make the small station technically as effective as the large; there will be no blanketing. So stations devoted to a special type of program (musical, educational, or propaganda) will have a better chance to make themselves heard.

To see why FM may increase the number of stations, you must understand something of the actual nature of this new system of transmission. Obviously its chief significance is technical, and to the layman the technique of ordinary broadcasting is complicated enough. However, a few facts and a good figure of speech may help to explain frequency modulation.

First, some primary facts. Before you hear a clock strike on your radio these things happen: the note of the clock sets up vibrations in the air; they strike some granules of carbon (or other sensitive substance) within the microphone (there

are similar granules in the mouthpiece of your telephone). The sound wave now begins its process of being transformed into electrical impulses, strengthened and ready to jump the chasm of the air — or, to be more accurate, to cross the bridge from the transmitter to the receiver.

This bridge is the carrier wave, forgotten man of broadcasting. If you tune in a station a moment before it is scheduled to open, in the morning, you will hear a deep hum; you know your radio is working, although it receives no intelligible sound. That is the carrier wave; and it occupies the specific place in the spectrum which is described in the opening announcement: 'operates on a frequency of — kilocycles by authority of the Federal Communications Commission.'

The carrier wave is, to our senses, undifferentiated; it is protoplasmic, formless and void. Upon it is imposed the sound wave, giving it shape and meaning. In AM, the sound wave changes the amount of power in the carrier, to create vowels, consonants, or C in alt. In FM the amount of power is unaltered; but the carrier wave is made to shuttle back and forth, for the same purpose. Or, as Mr. Poppele says, think of a searchlight, operated either with or without a shutter. The searchlight casts a beam directly into your window, and uses its shutter to vary the amount of light you receive. Then imagine a searchlight without a shutter, swinging back and forth within given limits; the amount of light is constant — but it doesn't always hit in the same place. In both cases a message could be transmitted to you. The first corresponds to the present system of broadcasting by modulating the amplitude — the amount of power sent out; in order to reach you with sound which varies and therefore has meaning, the broadcaster modulates the intensity of the electrical energy on which his particular message is reaching you. When he has to overcome static, he

multiplies his desired noise (speech or music) to many times the strength of the undesired noise (static). You may do the same thing in a small way if you are listening to a news broadcast when motoring and pass under an iron bridge; as your radio begins to fade, you may still catch the essential word or two by increasing the volume.

There are, incidentally, certain practical advantages in the older, or amplitude, form of modulation; AM can work on a narrow wave band, and this means that it can use longer waves and reach outlying districts; FM, like television, can be accommodated with any flexibility only in the short and ultra-short waves, and has a comparatively short range. This does not work against it for such special uses as police broadcasts, and FM receivers are, in fact, being installed in the police cars in many cities.

In FM your beam or searchlight moves from side to side within the limits of its assigned wave lengths—that is, it moves from a midway point to either extreme, or anywhere between any two points, inside its track. The extent of the side-to-side movement, so to speak, determines the loudness of the sounds you receive; the rapidity of it determines the pitch. And for reasons which are inherent in the character of the wave band on which FM operates, it has relatively little concern with static. It sidesteps interference and it transmits sound with amazing fidelity.

These superiorities of FM are acknowledged, but their significance is at times challenged. If AM were to operate on the same short-wave band as FM, it would enjoy the same advantages; working on long waves, it has tried to overcome static by increase and directional control of power. But it is still troubled; and FM in its happy location has been received without the faintest disturbance cheek by jowl with a generator of electricity. Stations at Albany and Schenectady, sixteen miles apart, made an experimental broadcast on an *identi-*

cal frequency: a motorist, starting from Albany, picked up its station until he came to the midway point, when for a few moments one or the other came in, but never both at the same time; and then for the rest of the way Schenectady not only prevailed, but utterly and completely blanked out the opposing station. When you remember that in an ordinary radio you frequently get interference from stations which are on separated frequencies, the amazing result of the FM experiment with stations on the same wave length becomes most impressive.

About the other peculiar value of FM, its fidelity, there is more difference of opinion. Compared to the cheap AM receiving set, FM is unquestionably superior; compared to a superior AM set, FM is easily as good, but is not remarkably better. In the rendition of ordinary dialogue, for instance, the two sets are so close together that only a highly trained ear could detect any difference; in transmission of the sound effects of common broadcasting and music, FM has the edge. And, as its enthusiasts always say, FM alone can broadcast complete silence. The hum and crackle which constitute silence on AM are absent.

FM's triumph over static makes it especially important in certain parts of the country. Radio waves travel both in the air and along the ground, and the ground waves are of exceptional importance for true reception. It happens that the terrain of New England is stern, rockbound, and peculiarly unamenable to the passage of these ground waves; and therefore the Yankee Network and its enterprising owner, John Shepard III, have for a long time been anxious to discover a method of broadcasting which would eliminate the poor transmission characteristics of New England's terrain. When Mr. Paul de Mars, the technical director of the Yankee Network, began to hear about Armstrong's frequency modulation, he persuaded Shepard that

this was the means for circumventing New England nature and the difficulties of broadcasting. At the present moment there are important FM stations in Boston, Worcester, and Hartford, and the prospects of FM in New England are very bright

III

The story of radio in America lacks the glamour of personalities; after Marconi, invention comes either from great research laboratories or from inventors whose names remain entirely unfamiliar. FM makes up for this deficiency because its spectacular advance is the work of a single colorful individual, Major Edwin H. Armstrong.

Major (in the United States Army) Armstrong is a professor of electrical engineering at Columbia University. He is a professor who has been able to invest over half a million dollars in one of his inventions — FM — because he had made many more dollars out of others, among them some of the absolute essentials of modern radio broadcasting. Without Armstrong's inventions — or their equivalents — we might still be in the headphone era of receiving radio; the creation of modern radio might have been long delayed if reception had remained so private and difficult. Words which came into the advertising language stem from the Major's inventions — the 'superhet' which for a year or two replaced eloquent descriptions of console models referred to the superheterodyne circuit which is the basis of modern reception. He has made equally vital inventions in short wave. Some of these have been the subject of controversy and lawsuits; some of his inventions Armstrong has sold to manufacturing companies who cross-licensed them to other companies holding rival patents; the details of the litigations are perhaps as involved and unnecessary to follow as the details of the patents themselves. If, however, in the near future Armstrong has to fight, it

will be well remembered that he is not particularly friendly to many manufacturers of receivers and transmitters in the amplitude-modulation field.

It is somewhat hastily assumed that patent litigation is always against the public interest. Yet it is to be remembered that a great deal of the basic progress in the art of the moving picture rose from the long struggle between the Independents and the Trust — the holders of the patents and the would-be infringers. Because the Independents could not get enough equipment, since they were comparatively poor, they exhibited European films — classics made into three-to-five-reel motion pictures. The moment this happened, the Trust was compelled to meet the new competition in length and in quality; so the movies progressed. Had they remained in their half-reel and one-reel stage, they might have lapsed after a time into relative obscurity, to be revived, possibly, after radio had entered the field of entertainment.

The stakes in the radio game are enormous. They include not only the investment of the manufacturers of transmitting equipment and the manufacturers of radio receivers, not only the thousands of station owners and the networks and their stockholders. Actually the entire listening public, which means almost the entire population of the United States, and a vast deal of the business of the United States, as represented by sponsors of radio programs, are ultimately involved. The total investment in radio, from your \$10 portable to the sponsor's \$10,000 program and the network's millions for equipment, is nearly five billion dollars. Of that investment the public has the largest share — three billion dollars for sets; not to mention its social investment, the time it gives to radio, the response it makes to radio.

The public interest in FM therefore precedes the interest of any smaller group.

This can be said at once: no instant and revolutionary change is probable. FM is a second method of broadcasting; it is not a substitute for broadcasting. Programs can be broadcast simultaneously, with no added expense in the studio, on both systems; FM does not make AM seem pale and old-fashioned, as the talkies did the movies. Except in a few areas (New England is one) FM will not be able to serve rural communities; and both systems may continue to exist side by side for a long time, as AC and DC coexist, until one is so improved that it can fulfill all the functions of both.

Nevertheless there may be certain grounds for apprehension. New receivers capable of receiving both systems have already appeared, and if the demand is great they may ultimately be low in price; but they will sell chiefly because the consumer who wants to get all the programs will demand an AM receiver. FM will be velvet; and for some time to come there will be few programs on FM which will create a specific demand for the new receiver. A great many of the applications for FM licenses are by established broadcasters. They want to broadcast on both systems; but they do not propose to broadcast different programs. When FM 'goes commercial' — that is, when sponsors are paying for the time — the stations will be required by the FCC rules to broadcast no less than two hours of programs not identical with their AM transmissions. This does not, however, signify that the programs will differ in essence; they will probably exploit the virtues of FM to the highest degree, with music taking much of the allotted time.

And here the brutal remark overheard in the corridor at an FCC hearing in Washington is fairly decisive: 'You don't need high fidelity to hear "Hi-ho, Silver!"' The truth is that absolute fidelity is no longer demanded by a nation which drives along on paved roads, next to

power generators, and manages somehow to enjoy a news broadcast, a jazz band, and a quiz program, with comedy. The public has never articulately demanded greater fidelity in the way it demanded movies without flicker, or static-less radio. The manufacturers have put receivers of progressively greater fidelity on the market; the consumer has chosen the highest fidelity available in his price range, and in this way he has demanded and has got fidelity. But the public has not complained of not hearing the piccolo clearly in an overture. It has complained of interference and static.

Has the public demanded an increase in the number of stations? The proponents of FM look forward to more competing networks, more effective local stations; and they imply that the need for stations now is great, the room for them small. In the neighborhood of Chicago there are 18 stations; in and around Los Angeles, 16; in and around Boston, 10; in and around St. Louis, 7. I do not know whether anyone has discovered how many different small stations, outside of the networks, the average local listener turns to, especially since push-button, pre-set receivers have given another powerful advantage to the big stations. The only pertinent data I have found come from a survey made by Wayne University. In Detroit, which has four network and four non-network stations, about 60 per cent of all listening (April 1940) was to commercial network programs. A considerable amount of listening to network sustaining programs must be added. And a decisive figure is this: 90 per cent of the families in Detroit listen regularly to network stations; 25 per cent listen regularly to non-network stations. Irregularly, we all listen to small stations; nearly everyone has a favorite. I, who am professionally interested in radio, and even professionally interested in what regional radio could develop, listen to two non-network stations often, and perhaps to two others

occasionally, out of the 25 stations available to me in New York City. Would I listen to many more if they existed? *Only if they were doing something which the other stations were not.*

Radio has created enormous appetites which it may not be able to satisfy. Commercial and sustaining network radio has created an impressive appetite for good music; both network radio and regional radio have created an interest in certain kinds of educational broadcasting; in the past year or so, the national and local broadcasters have made listening to news and to the analysis of news a positive habit of the people. At the same time, radio has developed its more typical programs: comedy, quizzes, dramatic shows, revues, and so forth — and of course the daylight serial. It may become impossible for stations to supply all the music, all the drama, all the analysis of news, that the people want. Therefore the specializing station — if its programs are sufficiently well made to attract the judicious — becomes a useful contributor to society. Quite possibly FM networks will develop; but they will not spring up in numbers in one day. No one can say what the socially ideal number of networks may be; up to a point, diversity and competition may give life; after that, they may merely crumble away the interest of the public by scattering it, by having too many stations with too few good programs.

We are living in the midst of a rather nasty world, which is attempting to destroy all diversity in favor of a new horror called totality. We have had, in this country, a fairly steady trend toward unity, which, unlike totality, embraces diversity. We are all antimonopolists, and we have relished, from our earliest experience with radio, the power to turn off whatever we do not like. So everything which points to a greater diversity should be cherished now, as another reassertion of our democratic belief that all men need not think alike, or be alike, provided they are nearly

enough alike to accept one another's differences. But even here there are some qualifications.

One of the reasons why network broadcasting has been so free of one-sided argument is that the great networks recognize the physical limitations of their instruments. They have said that they cannot make room for one opinion and refuse room to another because the rejected opinion might never find any way to reach the public. The National Association of Broadcasters has set itself certain ethical standards based on the assumption that the number of effective broadcasting stations is limited. When that number is suddenly multiplied by a high coefficient, the network broadcasters may stick to their standards; but the opportunity for propaganda stations increases. That is the danger corresponding to the advantage which the small stations will give.

The advantage comes to the scholarly, the thoughtful, the amateur of the arts — the citizen who, by training and habit, responds to the variety of human interests, not merely to the stimulus of excitement, humor, escape and release, by which the ill-informed average man is condemned to live. The small station may multiply the number of good citizens, by satisfying more and more desirable appetites; the large station will still serve the large number. It should. It has an obligation, not altogether financial, to reach and interest a large number of people. To forget this, making radio uninviting to the majority, would be a stupidity; no socially responsible person would imperil the power of radio in order to satisfy the legitimate needs of the uncommon man. That function is perhaps the one least ably fulfilled by contemporary broadcasting (which is just about twenty years old); and possibly the advent of FM stations may render the entire position of radio more tenable. For no one has yet discovered how to make the programs wanted by the few anything but a bore and a deterrent to

the many. It has not yet been proved that direct education can be advantageously done on the air, or that the air can advantageously use education. But proof is ample — supplied by commercial and noncommercial broadcasters alike — that public taste improves if one makes no sudden and violent effort to uplift it, and if one is satisfied with the good, not the best. The great experiments in the social uses of radio are only beginning; FM may be the technical medium for which they have been waiting.

I have put down all the details of the public interest because in the end it may be decisive. I doubt whether forty million families will scrap their present radios overnight and demand FM receivers; but the rapidity of turnover is going to be important. For about \$10,000, a radio station can add an FM transmitter to its equipment. Manufacturers will not be entirely averse to making new receivers as well as old. Possibly in a five-year period the whole revolution may have occurred, without bloodshed.

IV

Last May 20, the Federal Communications Commission gave the green light, as the current phrase runs, to Major Armstrong and FM. The frequency most desirable for this system was the channel then used by the television station of NBC. When this channel was handed over to FM, the headlines naturally made of the event a setback to television, a corresponding advantage to FM. The Federal Communications Commission had postponed the establishment of fixed standards in television for six months or so, and had in that way served notice that it did not consider television ready for general public acceptance. On the other hand, it implied that FM was ready. The most favorable interpretation of the event, up to last August 29, was that FM had at least drawn even with television. The pub-

licity for television had been very great; but the first year's broadcasts, while admirable in many ways, had not overcome the indifference of the general public.

But on August 29 an event occurred which definitely altered the situation. The Columbia Broadcasting System announced that its engineers had demonstrated to the Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission a system of television by which true color was transmitted. As I am now speaking of an event in which I had a small share, assisting in the preparation of the materials for the original demonstration, I should say that here I am not entirely unprejudiced. To me the transmission of color by television is not only an astounding engineering achievement, but the true basis of a great television art. To check my enthusiasm, here are the opinions of some outsiders. Federal Communications Chairman James L. Fly has said: 'I am not a television expert and do not want to pose as one, but I must say I was tremendously interested in the new system. The scheme has a basic simplicity that indicates its practical possibilities. I do not doubt that if we can start television off as a color proposition instead of as a black-and-white show, it will have a greater potential acceptance with the public. It should be hoped that other leading engineers will take an interest in television's color possibilities and see that it is further developed. Color television has realism, clarity, definition and life.' The head of a company making a distinguished documentary series said in private that he considered all black-and-white moving pictures to be on their way out, on account of the competition with color television; Gerald Cock, the head of British television from its earliest days, spoke of a miracle, and said frankly that if television could start with color the public response would be multiplied many times over.

The significance of color is twofold: color instantly enlarges the range of

subject matter, and color definitely overcomes some of the major difficulties of black-and-white television. Demonstrations of color are usually made with an ordinary black-and-white receiver adjoining. On the color receiver you recognize smaller objects; you can get a sense of greater perspective; quite apart from its enormous psychological effect, the color in television makes the picture apparently more detailed, and far more easy to see. The physical pleasure — the actual surprise and delight of seeing color truly transmitted — is a positive enchantment.

It is not yet certain what the next step in television may be. After the hearings scheduled for March 20, the FCC may decide that recent technical improvements justify a second effort to interest the public in colorless television. These improvements are toward greater definition and clarity; but whether the average spectator will see and care for the difference cannot of course be told. The FCC may decide that color television is not yet perfected to the point that it should be offered to the public without further experiment, and may therefore decide to give the go-ahead signal to black and white; or it may decide to set no standards at all for another six months after April 1, in the hope that color will, at the end of a set period, be instantly practicable, or need so long a period of further experiment as to justify a second attempt with monochrome television.

Efforts to spread black-and-white television on large screens, in theatres, are going to be made in the near future, to

offset the interest in color; commercial sponsors may create more attractive programs. Whether the promise of color will deter people from buying television without color is something for manufacturers to speculate upon.

Here we have the beginnings of a possible feud within radio itself. Facsimile and frequency modulation can coexist — that is to say, you can actually receive your FM radio programs while your facsimile is being printed. Television is rather exclusive. It does, of course, carry its own voices, its sound; but most of the space in its wave band it needs for itself. At the present moment, television works by modulation of amplitude; but there is always a possibility that it also may be transmitted by modulation of frequency. Then, perhaps, these two will lie down in peace together.

The professional people say this: that you cannot interest the public in two new developments, both connected with radio, at the same time. About that I do not know. Being myself associated with television, and prejudiced in its favor, I believe that the development which offers new kinds of programs is going to be more important to the public than that which offers a new kind of transmission of programs.

But the history of invention shows that new engines create new possibilities — the photographic film, electric light, the photoelectric cell, have all had their effects on the arts; and a new way to transmit whatever the ingenuity of man devises may bring new materials and new methods into play.

These things also are for the future.

TURKEY AND THE BALANCE OF POWER

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

I

THE Nazi 'march on Constantinople' has begun in earnest. 'Peaceful infiltration' into Bulgaria has brought the German war machine within a hundred miles of the Dardanelles. Actual armed invasion of Turkey still seems a remote rather than an immediate threat. But it might come at any moment — perhaps before these lines appear in print.

Unless there is a speedy decision in the West, Hitler must be expected to try to win the war in the East by gaining domination of the Dardanelles. For mastery over Turkey is the only way in which Hitler can hope to win lasting victory without knocking out England. If the Nazis can get to the rich oil wells of Mesopotamia, they have broken through the British blockade. If they reach the Persian Gulf, they have cut across Britain's life line to India. If Hitler, instead of the British Navy, controls the Eastern Mediterranean, the Nazis can begin to build their 'New Europe' without much fear of an attack from the back. Germany might well hope that, this achieved, the Battle of Britain would become a mere rear-guard action. And none of these aims can be realized as long as Turkey stands guard over the Dardanelles as ally of Great Britain.

But the Dardanelles are not only the Eastern back door to the British Empire. They are equally the back door to the Nazi Empire. An enemy force in Constantinople would constitute the greatest threat to Hitler's rear. It could strike directly into the Balkans, Hitler's only

source of grain, oil, and metals. It could count on the sympathies of all the small peoples in Southeastern Europe now groaning under the Nazi yoke. It could force Hitler to fight the 'war on two fronts' — which has been the nightmare of all German strategists since 1918, and to avoid which Hitler signed up with Russia. In such an attack on their rear, the Germans would be severely handicapped by the terrain; the absence of highways in the mountainous Balkans makes almost impossible the use of the mechanized equipment on which German armed strength rests. Certainly the Dardanelles are the ideal starting point for the counter-attack against Hitler on the Continent promised by Winston Churchill. If things should go badly with the German attack on Great Britain, or if Italy should fold up, Turkey's alliance with Great Britain might become such a threat to Germany that Hitler could be expected to risk everything in the attempt to get to the Dardanelles before the British do.

Finally, the Dardanelles are just as much the back door to Russia as to the British and German Empires. They are Russia's only warm-water outlet into Europe, her only 'window to the West.' An enemy power in possession of Turkey can cut off Russia's oil supply in the Caucasus — only a few miles from the Turkish border. It can invade the Ukraine with its anti-Russian and anti-Communist underground movements. The mere threat of such actions might

of it is death. We are coming down to first things. This wreckage some day will be cleared, and we will begin anew.

For there will be Renaissance. The knowledge of what we ought to do is at hand, and the spirit which must breathe life into it is the sense of comradeship in a common cause. The wind is rising. This war is itself a revolt against mechanicalism and the regimentation it exacts. Men hate it, in their hearts. It was the dominant machines that fashioned the kind of world in which Hitler's growth into a universal nightmare was as likely as the plague where there are rats. Let us not waste time searching for the blameworthy. We and our ordinary goings-on must bear our share of the blame. Hitler brought about the succession of deafening crises out of which the war came, but he was no more a matter of chance than seedtime and harvest. There was the grain, and nurturing, and now we have the crop. The origins of this war survived the last shot of 1918. All Europe kept to its old opinions and devices. So did America. Our political, economic, and social histories from 1918 will hardly bear scrutiny by a sensitive student. And the world is never better than the expression of its common impulses. We have no mystery to contemplate. As we are, so are our cities, and our prospects. There can be nothing better about us till we have the light and the will to shape a reality more comely under the sun.

The immutable laws, which govern the stars, work independent of our clever policies and aims. We may attempt, as we have attempted in the past, to outwit them by subtle play; but the consequence of falsities is as inevitable as disease out of dirt. The Galaxy has to obey, and attempts by men to escape from the same control must end in calamity. If we discover ways to harness elemental powers,

and then use those released new forces for profit, outside a moral order, we shall suffer the fate of Prometheus. That is why Western civilization is in anguish now. We shall continue to suffer, and to suffer after this war which has us in chains, unless our experience teaches us the right use of knowledge and the need of communion. A fairer time will be at hand, as certainly, when we want it seriously enough to work and pray for it in humility and understanding.

How remarkable it is, the help of the poets, when there is no other help! Cities are in ruins, and the abominable threatens us, but the word is still with us, as it was in the beginning. Poetry, we are told, is for solace. It is only a way of escape. It is aside from life's realities. This nonsense is still repeated, though the truth is that when a civilization goes the way of all flesh its energy survives in its books, art, science, and architecture. If men would but look there, and cease to despair because what was false in society has come to its own, they would know what is possible in the variety of life's great adventure. We see what could be made of our earth, if we willed it. I turned to Traherne the other night, while the sounds of reality were those of Tophet. Our policies and our economics will never come to anything but what they deserve. We see now what that is. Listening to the bombers and the guns, I was wondering where to find the right way of escape. Traherne told me: 'You will never enjoy the world aright, till you so love the beauty of enjoying it, that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it. And so perfectly hate the abominable corruption of men in despising it, that you had rather suffer the flames of Hell than willingly be guilty of their error.' It looks as if we should have to believe something in earnest, at last.

TO MY FRIENDS THE ACTORS

BY LION FEUCHTWANGER

GENTLEMEN:—

I read in the *Völkischer Beobachter* that you, my Berlin friends, played the principal rôles in a film entitled *Jud Süß* which received a prize in Venice. This movie shows, so the paper says, the true countenance of Judaism, its sinister methods and its devastating goals. One among many of the ways it demonstrates this is by means of a scene in which the Jew, Süß, makes a young woman do his bidding by torturing her husband. In short, gentlemen, by adding a touch of *Tosca* you have transformed my novel, *Power*, into a vile anti-Semitic movie à la Streicher and his *Stürmer*.

All of you know my novel. Five of you, possibly all seven of you, have acted in stage versions of it. In discussing specific points with me you proved that you understood the book, and you talked about it in high terms.

Of course, one may change one's mind. I understand that you do not wish to belong to those cork-like souls that always float on the surface of opinions once enunciated. All of you have acted in the plays of that August Strindberg who averred that in seven years every cell of the human body changes completely. Strindberg, however, emphasized that the mind remains the same, regardless of the bodily changes. You, gentlemen, improve upon that—you demonstrate that the *whole* man can change, spirit as well as flesh.

Whenever we worked together, gentlemen, you said frequently that it was easy to work with me because I understood your problems and was able to sense your feelings. Well, I try to envisage you, gentlemen. I try to imagine how Goebbels may have said to one of

you: 'Then there is that Jew, Süß. Feuchtwanger made him immensely popular, and being of an objective turn of mind, as these Jews happen to be, he has also very conveniently displayed everything concerning the Jew that can be used against him. Nothing easier than to use that and throw the other two thirds of the book overboard. There'll be a good profit.'

At first you probably hesitated a bit. Very likely you said: 'Isn't that going too far? Of course, nice stage effects can be obtained by portraying a character as its opposite number—Caesar as a little ignoramus, Rembrandt as a charlatan, Napoleon as an idiot, and Hitler as a great man. But that goes only in comedy, and this movie of Dr. Goebbels's has to be taken seriously.' Finally one of you was attracted by the rôle (and the pay), another followed, and a third said to himself: 'If I refuse that rôle, somebody else will grab it.' The fourth reflected: 'If I refuse, I may get into their black books.' And the fifth was probably actually subjected to some pressure. In the end you were all in the studio, some of you with uncomfortable consciences, but all there.

And now, gentlemen, no more about questions of conviction and taste and decency and morals, and similar metaphysical stuff. Let's talk 'realistically,' as is customary with you these days. Did you act wisely? Were you clever? Would a rational mind approve of your course?

I am afraid that you were wrong. I sincerely believe that you miscalculated.

Some of you have assured me during the last seven years again and again through trustworthy messengers that you were, of course, anti-Nazis and that

you stayed in Germany only for what seemed good reasons. Sometimes you may have believed that yourselves, but the main motive for sending such messages to me was doubtless that you wanted to play safe 'just in case.' Even the stupidest among you certainly did not believe in the *Führer's* 'Millennium,' and, of the seven of you, six are not stupid.

And now consider, gentlemen, if you do not believe in the Millennium, weren't you colossally shortsighted? If you were playing in some silly little Nazi stage play you could say to yourselves: 'Once the régime has passed, only a faint memory of the play and of our participation will remain.' But now you have made this big movie, this 'leading hit.' When the time comes, no one will need to rely on reports; everybody will be able to judge with his own ears and eyes what you did: how you helped to transpose the story of that Jew, whom you all know to have been a great man, into the direct opposite. And none of you will have the slightest excuse because you knew that from the outset this film had nothing to do with art, but was made for the sake of a theory of whose vileness you were all conscious.

Don't you feel slightly uneasy at the thought that, after the 'Thousand Years Reich' evaporates, we shall see your movie? Don't you think that in the long run it *was* somewhat stupid to take part in this *Jud Süß*? Don't say that you could not have refused without dire consequences. The cunning that prompted you to send me those messengers should have enabled you to find a plausible excuse for shunning this film, if you had wanted to. You did not want to. You wanted the rôles and the pay.

But they are not enough to wipe out your memory of the peaceful times when you worked with Jewish directors and managers and when Jewish critics judged, not by the rules of political tactics, but according to the rules of art.

'If you live and see people, your heart breaks or freezes,' a great French author

once said during times similar to ours. If you measure your movie *Jud Süß* by the high standard of our pre-Hitler Berlin stage, you must surely hear some strange noises in your frozen hearts.

We shall meet again, gentlemen, in Berlin. I can imagine how you will come, with a gay smile that you will doubtless manage without difficulty, since you are good actors. But in your hearts, considerably thawed by then, there will be uncertainty. You will remember us as always liberal-minded. But I would advise you, gentlemen, not to count too firmly on a renewal of our almost clownish tolerance. Don't believe that everything will just go well, and that you can behave as if nothing had happened.

We are not vengeful. It will not be our thirst for vengeance that will prevent you — in all probability — from taking part in the art of the theatre which we shall reestablish in Berlin. There are other reasons that make me doubt whether you will still be useful.

Nobody, I am afraid, can produce bad and wicked theatre for seven years without suffering impaired talent. Strangely enough, art will decay together with the soul. Strangely enough, a good actor cannot play against his inner convictions without becoming a less good actor.

When you again play in our theatre under our direction, then, strangely, it will develop that you are no longer the same. Your art will show the consequences of your present excursion.

And now you'll read this letter and you'll shrug your shoulders and try to forget it within an hour. And when we meet again you'll say: 'You remember, dear Feuchtwanger, the funny letter you wrote us?' But then you'll perceive with astonishment that this letter was not at all so funny.

Until then, gentlemen, use your time. I hope it won't be much time. But if you should change, gentlemen, I'll be able to greet you as

Yours as of old,

LION FEUCHTWANGER

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DESIGN FOR HEAVEN, 1941

THE Souls of the Departed sit and rock
Before their houses, all alike, in rows
Which endlessly extend along the block,
With little lawns, white walks, and time to
doze.

All Heaven is a suburb. As a rule,
The city is a dim and distant thing.
The breeze is always westerly and cool.
The Time is always afternoon, in spring.

The clouds are white along the edge of sky.
The signs of sudden storm are never seen.
The washing on the line is always dry.
The afternoon is long. The grass is green.

The only sound they hear, who sit and rock
Upon Eternal Porch as God commands,
Is distant, constant tick of shining Clock,
Which hangs in place of sun, and has no hands.

LEWIS THOMAS

ON BEING DULL WITHOUT A MANUSCRIPT

THE public schools of our town have just announced a great program of lectures for their teachers, designed to keep them up to date in their subjects and brush them up generally. With it they have sent out a brief notice to the effect that experience shows that interest is greater if the lecturer does not use a manuscript. And this brings to acuteness the age-long problem about lecturers, which is, in a word: Are we really duller with, or without, a manuscript?

Of course the lecturing profession cannot but regard this as a sinister omen. It was once enough if we instructed and informed. Must we now strive also to interest, amuse, and entertain? If even schoolteachers are to require this, what of the general public, the women's clubs, the lyceums and extension circles? The seasoned lecturer cannot but regard this warning with apprehension, alarm, and even dismay.

It has been well said that many audiences like to see the lecturer take the platform provided with a thick bundle of typewritten

sheets, for then they feel satisfied that he has made ample preparation and they are going to 'get something to take away,' as they say. It creates a pleasant atmosphere of security, too. No fear that he will forget, or not know when to stop, or give out in half an hour. Lecture audiences of all types resent it bitterly when the lecturer subsides after fifteen or twenty minutes, or even half an hour. They feel that they have been defrauded. The least the lecturer can do is to occupy the time. Perhaps they have ordered their cars for nine-thirty and will have to stand around until then.

In a great university chapel, the Sunday preacher fell lamentably short — in time at least, giving out after fifteen minutes. Most disconcerting, for the choir, accustomed to a full forty-five minutes of eloquence, was still out on the lawn, and had to be gathered in with most unseemly haste.

On the other hand, the lecturer, with or without a manuscript, may go on for an hour and twenty-three minutes, completely exhausting his hearers. But even this they prefer to being short-changed, as they describe it, with a twenty-minute lecture; that is a wrong they cannot forget or forgive.

Moreover, rules are dangerous. The most amusing lecturer on this continent is probably a Canadian gentleman who, as I remember it, always uses a manuscript. On some occasions he ostentatiously crumples each page as soon as he has read it, and drops it on the floor, as if in fine scorn of it; he can write reams of such stuff, he seems to say; he does not need to hoard it. The listeners gain a flattering impression that it is for them only that this brilliant display of humor has been created, though a few base skeptics may suspect that he has a carbon copy of it all in his desk.

There is another school of thought about this matter, however. There are the lecture committees in universities, which cherish the indefatigable hope that the lecturer may say something worth publishing and may actually proceed to publish it. And if he appears and chats glibly with his audience in the well-known conversational style, they are

annoyed. One spirited academician, after such an evening, asked me heatedly if the lecturer had been 'drinking.' Indeed great is their wrath, for they know well that, while everybody has had a pleasant evening, nothing is going to come of it in the way of a stately volume, to the greater glory of Alma Mater.

Nor is this a local phenomenon. We hear it in the 'interior' (as they say in Washington) and on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There is still a public for the manuscript lecturer.

Think too of the radio lecturers. Poor fellows, usually confined to a meagre twelve minutes, and adjured to hit the closing second 'on the nose,' as their mentors elegantly put it, they cannot indulge in the conversational method; they follow what they call their script. Even the most eloquent of them all, chatting by the national fireside, reads his stuff. No, the radio is on the side of the old-fashioned manuscript method, except in the case of the brightest of programs, the question-and-answer broadcast, which is avowedly and unmistakably unrehearsed. Equally unrehearsed, however, is the dullest of all programs, where some hero of hockey or football is interrogated before the microphone as to the greatest play of his career, the future of the sport, and the prospects of his and other teams for the coming season — on hearing which the listener perceives clearly that the man's place is on the ice or the turf, not on the air.

My interest in the matter is not a practical but a philosophical one. It all simmers down to this: Is a manuscript necessary to dullness, or can one be just as dull without a manuscript? I can do it either way myself, so I feel that I can discuss the matter without prejudice. I confess that I sometimes contemplate the pile of sheets before me on the reading desk with quite as much weariness as most of my hearers can — I know what's in them; they don't.

On the other hand, it is not impossible to be dull without a manuscript. In fact, it is the easiest thing in the world. And the beauty of the manuscript method is that it guarantees that the lecturer has made some preparation, although perhaps years before, for the occasion, and it is almost certain that by the time he has turned the last page he will have said something. Without the manuscript, you cannot be sure.

What about the Greeks? They were experts at the oration and the lecture too. They certainly wrote down their remarks, either before or after speaking. Which was it? Let the sculptors tell. In the Naples Museum stands Æschines; he is empty-handed. But in the Vatican stands Demosthenes, holding a scroll open in his hands, as though he had just paused in his reading. Which was the better man?

Which reminds us: When Æschines had retired to Rhodes, he once read in public his great speech against Ctesiphon, to which Demosthenes had replied. The Rhodians marvelled that after such a speech the defendant had got off.

'You would not wonder,' said Æschines, 'if you had heard Demosthenes.'

I was recently detailed to escort a successful but despondent author to a literary luncheon. He had been lecturing profusely about the city, and I asked him whether he prepared elaborately for these occasions.

He cast a scornful glance in my direction.

'Oh, no,' said he. 'I never give it a thought beforehand.'

EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

THOUGHTS WHILE FISHING

To write of fishing without so much as mentioning I. Walton is just faintly possible, but to overlook Walton without offending angry hosts of gentle anglers is beyond anyone's powers. Let me therefore spell *fishing* as *fyshynge*; this is a perfunctory bob, not to Walton's reasonable ghost, but to his unreasonable living idolaters, the men who would do anything for him except read him. Having given this pleasure to so many at practically no cost to myself, I pass hurriedly on.

I was fishing (pronounced *fyshshynngge*) for sea trout this morning. Nearly every one I caught ran about nine or ten ounces, until a little fellow turned up who weighed scarcely two. I killed the big ones cheerfully enough, but I felt very sorry indeed for the tiny chap. You can tell, from my calling him a chap and a fellow, how sorry I felt. If I called him a big bum, a trained (and, I hope, housebroken) psychologist would deduce that I didn't give a darn for him. And the psychologist would not err. (Who ever heard of a psychologist

erring? It is the psychologist's children who turn out wrong, not the psychologist.) If this little fish had not been fatally well-hooked I might have spared his life and got cheap pleasure from my kindly act.

The sole reason for my sorrow was his size; not his actual size, but his size compared with that of the others I had caught. If I had been fishing for shiners, to use as cod bait, and had taken this small trout, I should have been delighted to welcome him with gently smiling jaws. The little fish suffered no more than the big ones, but my conscience, that gifted liar, told me that he suffered a great deal more and deserved death a great deal less. If I were fishing for whale and caught a poor little eighty-pound salmon, I'd feel the same way.

Whatever seems small provokes our pity, with the possible exception of Herren Goebels and Hitler, who are both uncommonly sawed-off little growths, I understand. And insects, perhaps; I am sure no one feels uncomfortably sorry for mosquitoes.

I think it was Chesterton who pointed out that the true patriot dwells lovingly upon the smallness of his country and not the immensity of it. People want to be taken back to their little grey homes in the west. Great big homes in the west, no matter how grey, cast few nostalgic spells. It is not just a question of taxes, apparently. Everyone wants a little house. Mr. Yeats and Miss Millay wanted to build little shanties on far-off shores and never go home again. If they had wanted comfortable bungalows with plenty of room for everything, their songs would have failed to move the reader.

Similarly, when we discover an interesting shop and take credit for it as somehow, mysteriously, part of our own property, we must call it a little shop. Its proprietor becomes a little man. 'Oh, I know a little man who makes absolutely anything out of pewter.' You couldn't know a big man who did that. If a woman comes in to 'do' your apartment for you, she must be a little woman. 'Oh, a little woman comes in and tidies up.' If

you said an enormous woman came in, it would sound dreadful; the flat wouldn't seem tidy at all after that. Anything you buy from a peddler, if it is useful or interesting or pathetic, comes from a little man at the door. What if D'Artagnan's poor friend had been, not a little milliner, but a tremendous one? Imagination not only boggles but breaks down at once.

But I digress. I intended to speak solely of size in animals. Why is it that we can feel sorry for a mouse and not for a rat? The rat's size is nothing very amazing. He seems large only when compared with a mouse, and the curious thing is that we always do compare him with a mouse. You can feel sorry for a poor little baby elephant but never for a great big rat. What is charming in a miniature dog may be purely horrible in a Great Dane. And yet a Shetland pony, larger than any dog, can support in comfort a bad character that would ruin a Great Dane, simply because he is smaller than a Percheron. You may have a hundred reasons for refusing to kick a Shetland pony in the stomach, but chief of these is the fact that he is so much smaller than anyone expects a horse to be.

To return to mice for a moment, it occurs to me that if Burns had found the 'wee, sleekit' fellow in his glass of barley bree, he might not have called him a 'big soggy blustering murderous beastie,' but he would have been shocked to find anything so gross in a small dram.

'Little one, O little one,' sings James Stephens to the rabbit. 'Little hunted hares,' sings Mr. Hodgson. Not big ones. Never big ones. I suppose a judicious use of the word 'little' has produced more good poetry and more passable fake poetry than any other single word in the language.

That is all I thought about while fishing this morning. But it is more than most people think about while fishing.

Tomorrow, if they are biting nicely, I hope to think of nothing at all.

DAVID BROCK

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST



CHAPTERS XXIII-XXX

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

BY REBECCA WEST

The luminous story of
the Balkans



TODAY, as in 1937, the Balkans are a storm centre in a Europe that once loved peace. Why is it that the Balkan peoples have lived, not for decades, but for centuries on the Powder Keg of Europe? Why is it that their passions, once kindled, have spread to people as remote as the English and ourselves? These were the questions which Rebecca West set out to answer for herself when, in 1936-1937, she and her husband made their long and thoughtful visit to the Balkan Peninsula. 'Violence was all I knew of the South Slavs,' she wrote. 'And since there proceeds steadily from the southeastern corner of Europe a stream of events which are a danger to me, which for years threatened my safety and deprived me forever of many benefits, that is to say I know nothing of my own destiny.'

She remembered the assassination of Empress Elizabeth, the pathetic wife of Franz Josef; the assassination of Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, and the shooting of the King of Yugoslavia at Marseille. With such tragedies in mind, she embarked on the long trip to Zagreb. The train was crammed with German tourists, and as she talked with them Rebecca West began to realize why it was that the Slavs had suffered such unhappiness during the centuries when they were bound to the chariot wheel of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

At Zagreb, she and her husband were met by her three friends — Constantine, the poet; Valetta, a lecturer in mathematics at Zagreb University; and Marko Gregorovich, critic and journalist. They took her and her husband behind the scenes into the tempestuous life of the Balkan Peninsula. They showed her the hidden beauty of Zagreb. They told her of Bishop Strossmayer and his heroic intervention for the liberation of the Croats. On Easter Sunday they took her to hear Mass at the village of Shestine, and then, through a blizzard, they drove far up the mountainside to the mediæval castle of a noble Hungarian family — a castle which by some magic had now been converted into a hospital for Yugoslav peasants. Everywhere they went — along the Dalmatian coast, at Rab, at Split, at Trogir — Rebecca West felt herself drawn into the passionate, the tragic uprising of a people who for centuries had struggled for identity and liberation. . . .

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON

BY REBECCA WEST

XXIII

TREBINJE is the nearest town to the Dalmatian coast that exhibits what life was like for the Slavs who were conquered by the Turks.

We found ourselves slipping down the side of a broad and fertile valley that lay voluptuously under the guard of a closed circle of mountains, the plump grey-green body of a substantial river, running its whole length, marked by poplars and birches. We saw the town suddenly in a parting between showers, handsome and couchant, and, like all Turkish towns, green with trees and refined by the minarets of many mosques. These are among the most pleasing architectural gestures ever made by urbanity. They do not publicly declare the relationship of man to God, like a Christian tower or spire. They raise a white finger and say only, 'This is a community of human beings, and, look you, we are not beasts of the field.' But I kept my eyes on the mountain, wondering which gully had seen the military exploits of my admired Jeanne Merkus.

That, now, was a girl, one of the most engaging figures in the margin of the nineteenth century, sad proof of what happens to Jeanne d'Arc if she is unlucky enough not to be burned. She was born in 1839, in Batavia, because her father was Viceroy of the Dutch East Indies. Her mother came of a clerical Walloon family, and was the divorced wife of a professor in Leyden University. Jeanne was sixth in the family of four boys and four girls. When she was five

her father died and she was brought home to Holland, where she lived with her mother at Amsterdam and The Hague until she was nine. Then her mother died and she went to live with an uncle, a clergyman, who made her into a passionate mystic, entranced in expectation of the second coming of Christ.

It happened that when she was twenty-one she inherited a fortune far larger than falls to the lot of most mystics. Her peculiar faith told her exactly what to do with it. She went to Palestine, bought the best plot of ground she could find near Jerusalem, and built a villa for the use of Christ. She lived there for fifteen years, in perpetual expectation of her divine guest, and conceiving as a result of her daily life a bitter hatred against the Turks.

When she heard of the Bosnian revolt she packed up and went to the Balkans, and joined the rebels. She came in contact with Lyubibratitch, the Herzegovinian chief, and at once joined the forces in the field, attaching herself to a party of *comitadji* led by a French officer. We have little information as to where she fought, for very little has been written, and nothing in detail, about this important and shameful episode of European history. We have an account of her, one winter's night, struggling single-handed to fire a mine to blow up a Turkish fortress among the mountains when all the rest of her troop had taken to their heels, and failing because the dy-

namite had frozen. It is almost our only glimpse of her as a campaigner.

Jeanne's more important work lay in the outlay of her fortune, which she spent to the last penny in buying Krupp munitions for the rebels. But as soon as the revolt was a proven success the Austrians came in and took over the country, and in the course of the invasion she was captured. She was set free and allowed to live in Dubrovnik, but she eluded the authorities and escaped over the mountains to Belgrade, where she enlisted in the Serbian army. There the whole population held a torchlight serenade under her window, and she appeared on the balcony with a round Montenegrin cap on her fair head.

But there was to be no more fighting. The action of the Great Powers had perpetuated an abuse that was not to be corrected till thirty-five years later, and then at irreparable cost to civilization, in the Balkan Wars and the First World War. There was nothing for Jeanne to do, and she had no money to contribute to the nationalist Balkan funds. The Turks had seized the house in Jerusalem which she had prepared for Christ, and, not unnaturally, would pay her no compensation. We find her moving to the French Riviera, where she lived in poverty. Sometimes she went back to Holland to see her family, who regarded her visits with repugnance because she talked of her outlandish adventures, wore strange *comitadji-cum*-deaconess clothes, smoked big black cigars, and was still a believing Christian of the ecstatic sort. It is said that once or twice she spoke of her lost spiritual causes before young kinsfolk, who followed them for the rest of their lives.

The members of her family who remained insensible to her charm carried their insensibility to the extreme degree of letting her live on Church charity at Utrecht for the last years of her life, though they themselves were wealthy. When she died in 1897 they did not pay for her funeral, and after-

wards they effaced all records of her existence within their power.

It is important to note that nothing evil was known of Jeanne Merkus. Her purity was never doubted. But she never achieved martyrdom, and the people for whom she offered up her life and possessions were poor and without influence. She therefore, by a series of actions which would have brought her the most supreme honor had she acted in an important Western state as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, earned a rather ridiculous notoriety that puts her in the class of a pioneer bicyclist or Dr. Bloomer. . . .

It was a poor day for the market. A storm had been raging over the mountains all night, and as the year was still early, and the crops light, most of the peasants had not thought it worth while to get up at dawn and walk the seven or eight miles to Trebinje. There were a few handsome women standing with some vegetables before them, soberly handsome in the same vein as their plain round cap and their dark, gathered dresses, gripped by plain belts. We saw a tourist level a camera at two of these. They turned away without haste, without interrupting their grave gossip, and showed the lens their backs. These were very definitely country women. They wore the typical peasant shoes of plaited thongs, and by their movements it could be seen that they were used to walking many miles, and they bore themselves as if each wore an invisible crown of immense weight — which meant, I think, an unending burden of responsibility and fatigue.

There were also about the market place plenty of Moslems, the men wearing the red fez, the women in the black veil and overall made of a straight wide piece of cotton pulled in at the waist by a drawstring. 'Turks,' said the guide, and he was talking nonsense. Nearly all the Moslems in Yugoslavia except in the extreme south, in Macedonia, are Slavs whose ancestors were converted by the

Turks, sometimes in order to keep their properties, sometimes because they were Bogomil heretics and wanted defense against Roman Catholic persecution. This is preëminently the case in Bosnia and Herzegovina; the true Turks left at the time of the Austrian occupation.

'Look!' said my husband, and I found that he was enraptured at the sight of the fezzes and the veils, for though he had spent some time in Istanbul and Ankara, that had been since the days of Ataturk and his reforms.

'Do you think the veil adds charm to the female?' I asked.

'Yes, in a way,' he answered; 'they all look like little Aberdeen terriers dressed up to do tricks, with those black muzzles sticking out.'

One stopped, and offered to sell him some white silk handkerchiefs of offensive aspect, with tatting at the corners. His taste in linen is classical; she was not fortunate. Nor were any of the six others who sought to sell him such handkerchiefs at various points in Trebinje. 'I don't like their handkerchiefs and I don't like them,' he decided. 'No doubt they're perfectly respectable, but they waggle themselves behind all this concealment with a "Naughty Nineties" sort of sexuality that reminds me of Alley Sloper and the girls, and the old Romano, and the Pink 'Un and the Pelican.'

XXIV

This was not the last we were to see of that peculiar quality. A little Moslem boy handed us a leaflet which announced that tourists could visit an old Turkish house in the town, formerly the home of a famous Pasha, which was complete with its original furniture and its original library. We found it in the suburbs, standing among gardens where spring was touching off the lilac bushes and the plum trees — a house perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty years old. It was a very pleasing example of the Turkish

genius for building light and airy country houses that come second only to the work of our own Georgians, and in some ways are superior, since they hold no dark corners, no mean holes for the servants, no rooms too large to heat.

This stood firm and bright and decent, with its projecting upper stories, the windows latticed where the harem had been, and its two lower stories that had their defended *Arabian Nights* air of goods made fast against robbers. Across a countryish courtyard, almost a farmyard, was the servants' house, where the kitchens and stables were. Down some stairs to the main door, which was on the first story, ran a pretty, smiling girl of about sixteen, unveiled but wearing a gold-braided jacket and pink trousers, which here (though not in other parts of Yugoslavia) are worn only by Moslem women. Behind her came an elderly man wearing a fez and a brocade frock coat. On seeing us the girl broke into welcoming smiles, too profuse for any social circle that recognized any restrictions whatsoever, and left us with a musical-comedy gesture. 'Turkish girl,' said the man in the frock coat, in German. 'Then why is she unveiled?' asked my husband. 'She is too young,' said the man in the frock coat, his voice plump to bursting with implications.

We wavered, our faces turning back to Trebinje. 'Come in, come in,' cried the man, placing himself between us and Trebinje. 'I will show you all — old Turkish house, where the great Pasha kept his harem — all very fine.' He drove us up the stairs, and shepherded us through the main door into a little room which in its day had been agreeable enough. Pointing at the latticed windows, he said richly, 'The harem was here — beautiful Turkish women wearing the beautiful Turkish clothes.' He opened a cupboard and took out a collection of clothes such as may be found in any old clothes shop in those provinces of Yugoslavia that were formerly occupied by the Turks. 'Very fine, all

done by hand,' he said of the gold-braided jackets and embroidered bodices. 'And look — trousers!' He held up before us a garment of white lawn, folded at the ankle into flashy gold cuffs, which could never have been worn by any lady engaged in regular private harem work. 'Transparent,' he said. Coyly he sprang to another cupboard and brought out a mattress. 'The bed was never left in the room,' he said; 'they took it out when it was needed.' There was unluckily a third cupboard, with a tiled floor and a ewer. 'This was the bathroom. Here is where the Turkish lady kept herself clean — all Turkish ladies were very clean and sweet.' He assumed a voluptuous expression, cocked a hip forward and put a hand on it, lifted the ewer upside down over his head, and held the pose.

Undeterred by our coldness, he ran on to the next room, which was the typical living room of a Turkish house, bare of all furniture save a bench running along the walls and an ottoman table or two, and ornamented by rugs pinned flat to the wall. I exclaimed in pleasure, for the view from its window was exquisite. The grey-green river we had seen from the heights above the city ran here through meadows deep in long grasses and pale flowers, and turned a mill wheel; and the first leaves of the silver birches on its brink were as cool to the eye as its waters. Along this river there must have wandered, if there is any truth in Oriental miniatures, a young prince wearing an ospreyed fez and embroidered garments, very good-looking then, though later he would be too fat, carrying a falcon on his wrist and snugly composing a poem about the misery of his love.

'I should be obliged,' said the man in the frock coat, 'if the well-born lady would kindly pay some attention to me. Surely she could look at the view afterwards.'

'Shall I throw him downstairs?' asked my husband.

'No,' I said, 'I find him enchantingly himself.'

It was interesting to see what kind of person would have organized my life had I been unfortunate enough, or indeed attractive enough, to become the inmate of a brothel. So we obeyed him when he sharply demanded that we should sit on the floor, and listened while he described what the service of a formal Turkish dinner was like, betraying his kind with every word, for he took it for granted that we should find all its habits grotesque, and that our point of view was the proper one. 'And now,' he said, rising, and giving a mechanical leer at my ankles as I scrambled off the floor, 'I shall show you the harem. There are Turkish girls, beautiful Turkish girls.'

At a window in the passage he paused and pointed out an observation post in the roof of the servants' house. 'A eunuch used to sit there to see who came into the house,' he said. 'A eunuch,' he repeated, with a sense of luxuriance highly inappropriate to the word. He then flung open a door so that we looked into a room and saw three girls who turned towards us, affected horror, and shielded their faces with one hand while with the other they groped frantically but inefficiently for some colored handkerchiefs that were lying on a table beside them. Meanwhile the custodian had also affected horror and banged the door.

'By God, it is the Pink 'Un and the Pelican,' said my husband.

Then the custodian knocked on the door with an air of exaggerated care and, after waiting for a summons, slowly led us in. 'Typical beautiful Turkish girls,' he said. They were not. Instead of wearing the black veil that hides the whole face, which almost all Yugoslavian Moslems wear, they wore such handkerchiefs as Christian peasant women use to cover their hair, but knotted untidily at the back of the head so that their brows and eyes were bare. 'Now they are cultivating our beautiful Turkish crafts,'

he explained. They were not. Turkish embroidery and weaving are indeed delicious; but two of these wenches held in their hands handkerchiefs of the offensive sort that my husband had rejected in the market place, and the third was sitting at a loom on which a carpet which ought never to have been begun had been a quarter finished.

After we had contemplated them for some time, while they wriggled on their seats and tittered to express a reaction to my husband which both he and I, for our different reasons, thought quite unsuitable, the custodian said, 'Now we will leave the ladies by themselves,' and, nodding lecherously at me, led my husband out of the room. I found this disconcerting, but supposed he had taken my husband away to show him some 'beautiful Turkish feelthy peectures,' in which case they would be back soon enough. As soon as we were alone the girls took off their veils and showed that they were not ill-looking, though they were extremely spotty and had an inordinate number of gold teeth. They suggested that I should buy some of the offensive handkerchiefs, but I refused. I meant to ask my husband to give them some money when he came back.

To pass the time I went over to the girl at the loom and stood beside her, looking down on her hands, as if I wanted to see how a carpet was made. But she did nothing, and suddenly I realized she was angry and embarrassed. She did not know how to weave a carpet any more than I do; and the girls with the handkerchiefs did not know how to sew — they were merely holding them with threaded needles stuck in them. They all began to laugh very loudly and exchange bitter remarks, and I reflected how sad it was that slight knowledge of a foreign tongue lets one in not at the front door but at the back. I have heard poems recited and sermons preached in the Serbian language which were said to be masterpieces by those who were in a position to judge, and I have been un-

able to understand one word. But I was able to grasp clearly most of what these young women were saying about me, my husband, my father and my mother.

But the scene was horrible, because they looked not only truculent but unhappy. They were ashamed because I had detected that they could not sew or weave, for the only women in the Balkans who cannot handle a needle or a loom are the poorest of the urban population, who are poorer than any peasant and cannot get hold of cloth or thread because they have no sheep. The scene was pitiful in itself, and it was pitiful in its implications, if one thought of the fair-mannered and decent Moslem men and women in Trebinje and all over Yugoslavia, sad because they knew themselves dead and buried in their lifetime, confined in the shell of a perished Empire, whose ways these poor wretches were aping and defiling. I could not bear to wait there any longer, so I left them and walked through the house, calling for my husband. The search became disagreeable, for I opened the door of one or two rooms and found them full of trunks and bundles lying on the bare floor, stuffed with objects but open and unfastened, as if someone here had meditated flight and then given up the plan on finding that the catastrophe which he had hoped to escape was universal.

I called louder, and my husband answered me from a room by the main door. 'What did he take you away for?' I asked. 'He didn't take me away for anything but to give you the thrilling experience of seeing those wenches unveiled,' he said.

The custodian came forward and said, 'I have been showing your husband these beautiful Turkish books; they have been in this house for many centuries.' He thrust into my hand a battered copy of the Koran, which fell open at a page bearing a little round label printed with some words in the Cyrillic script.

'Oh, Lord!' I said. 'Look! This is the

stamp of a Sarajevo secondhand bookshop.'

'Really, this is all too silly,' said my husband. 'It is like charades played by idiot ghosts round their tombs in a cemetery.'

We went out into the courtyard, followed by the custodian, who seemed at last to realize that we were not pleased by his entertainment. 'Do they speak Serbian or not?' he asked our guide. 'No, I don't think so,' our guide answered. The custodian looked puzzled and decided to assume that life as he knew it was continuing in its usual course. So he gave us the Turkish greeting by raising his hand to his forehead, exposing that national custom to our patronage or derision, — he did not care which it was, so long as we tipped him, — and he said, 'Now you have met a Turkish gentleman and seen how all Turkish gentlemen used to live.' My husband gave him money, and we walked away very quickly.

The guide said, 'Were you pleased with the visit? It is interesting, is it not?'

My husband asked, 'Who is that man?'

'He used to be the servant of the owner of the house,' said the guide.

'Who is the owner?'

'He is a Moslem baron,' said the guide. 'Once his family was very rich, now he is very poor. He furnished this house and put his servant in charge of it, and I think the money he gets from it is nearly all that he has. He lives far out in the country, where it is very cheap.'

When we were driving out of the town I said, 'I hate the corpses of empires — they stink as nothing else. They stink so badly that I cannot believe that even in life they were healthy.'

'I do not think you can convince mankind,' said my husband, 'that there is not a certain magnificence about a great empire in being.'

'Of course there is,' I admitted, 'but

the hideousness outweighs the beauty. You are not, I hope, going to tell me that they impose law on lawless people. Empires live by the violation of law.'

XXV

Below us now lay the huge Austrian-built barracks, with the paddocks between them, and I remembered again what I had hated to speak of as we drove into Trebinje, when we were out to have an amusing morning. Here the Herzegovinians had found that one empire is very like another, that Austria was no better than Turkey. Between these barracks the Austrian Empire killed eighty people for causes that would have been recognized on no statute book framed by man since the beginning of time.

When the news came in 1914 that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife had been assassinated by Serb patriots at Sarajevo, the Austrian authorities throughout Bosnia and Herzegovina arrested all the peasants whom they knew to be anti-Austrian in sentiment and imprisoned some and hanged the rest. There was no attempt at finding out whether they had been connected with the assassins — as, in fact, none of them were. Down there on the grass between the barracks the Austrians took as contribution from Trebinje seventy Serbs, including three women, such women as we saw in the market place. Someone I met in Sarajevo on my first visit to Yugoslavia had had a relative killed there, and had kept photographs of the slaughter which the Yugoslavian Government had found among the Austrian police records. They showed the essential injustice of hanging: the hanged look grotesque; they are not allowed the dignity that belongs to the crucified, although they are enduring as harsh a destiny. The women looked particularly grotesque, with their full skirts; they looked like ikons, as Constantine had said Slav women should look when dancing. Most of them wore an expression of

astonishment. I remember one priest who was being led through a double line of gibbets to his own; he looked, not horrified, but simply surprised. That, indeed, was natural enough, for surprise must have been the predominant emotion of most of the victims. They cannot have expected the crime, for, though it was known to a large number of people, those were to be found only in a few towns, far away from Trebinje. When these victims heard of it they can never have dreamed that they would be connected with it.

'The scene was a typical illustration of the hypocrisy of empires, which pretend to be strong and yet are so weak that they constantly have to defend themselves by destroying individuals of the most pitiable weakness,' I said.

'But an empire,' my husband reminded me, 'can perform certain actions which a single nation never can. The Turks might have stayed forever in Europe if it had not been for the same combination of forces known as the Austrian Empire.'

'But there was no need for them to combine, once the Turks were beaten,' I objected. 'In the nineteenth century the Turks were hopelessly beaten, and the Porte was falling to pieces under the world's eye, yet the Austrians were flogging their peoples to keep them in subjection exactly as if there were a terrifying enemy at their gates.'

'Yes, but by that time there were the Russians,' said my husband.

'But Tsarist Russia was a rotten state that nobody need have feared,' I said.

'That, oddly enough, is something no nation ever knows about another,' said my husband. 'It appears to be quite impossible for any nation to discover with any accuracy the state of preparedness for war in another nation. In the last war both Great Britain and Serbia were grossly deceived by their ideas of what support they were going to receive from Russia; and Germany was just as grossly deceived by her ally

Austria, who turned out to be as weak as water.'

'But how absurd the behavior of nations is!' I exclaimed. 'If I ran about compelling people to suffer endless inconveniences by joining with me in a defensive alliance against someone who might conceivably injure me, and never took proper steps to find out if my companions were strong enough to aid me or my enemies strong enough to injure me, I should be considered to be making a fool of myself.'

'But the rules that apply to individuals do not apply to nations,' said my husband. 'The situation is quite different.'

And indeed I suppose that I was being, in my female way, an idiot, an excessively private person, like the nurse in the clinic who could not understand my agitation about the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. But it is just to admit that my husband was indulging his male bent in regard to international affairs, and was being a lunatic.

XXVI

A Moslem woman walking black-faced in white robes among the terraces of a blossoming orchard, her arms full of irises, was the last we saw of the Herzegovinian plains; and our road took us into mountains at first so gruffly barren, so coarsely rocky, that they were almost squalid. Then we followed a lovely rushing river, and the heights were mitigated by spring woods, reddish here with the foliage of young oaks, that ran up to snow peaks. The river received tributaries after the astonishing custom of this limestone country, as unpolluted gifts straight from the rock face. One strong flood burst into the river at right angles, flush with the surface, an astonishing disturbance. Over the boulders ranged the exuberant hellebore, with its pale green flowers.

But soon the country softened, and the mountains were tamed and bridled

by their woodlands and posed as background to sweet small compositions of waterfalls, fruit trees, and green lawns. The expression 'sylvan dell' seemed again to mean something. We looked across a valley to Tablanica, the Town of Poplars, which was the pleasure resort of Mostar when the Austrians were here, where their officers went in the heat of the summer for a little gambling and horse racing. Before its minarets was a plateau covered with fields of young corn in their first pale strong green, and orchards white with cherry and plum. We drove up an avenue of ash trees, bronze and gold with their late buds, and lovely children dashed out of a school and saluted as at a sign and wonder. We saw other lovely children later, outside a gypsy encampment of tents made with extreme simplicity of pieces of black canvas hung over a bar and tethered to the ground on each side. Our Swabian chauffeur drove at a pace incredible for him lest we should give them pen-nies.

A neat village called Little Horse ran like a looped whip round a bridged valley, and we wondered to see in the heart of the country so many urban-looking little cafés where men sat and drank coffee. The road mounted, and spring ran backwards like a reversed film. We were among trees that had not yet put out a bud, and from a high pass we looked back at a tremendous circle of snow peaks about whose feet we had run unwitting. We fell again through Swiss-like country, between banks blond with primroses, into richer country full of stranger people. Gypsies, supple and golden creatures that the window curtains of Golders Green had clothed in the colors of the sunrise and the sunset, gave us greetings and laughter. Moslem women walking unveiled towards the road turned their backs until we passed, or, if there was a wall near by, sought it and flattened their faces against it. We came to a wide valley, flanked with

hills that, according to the curious conformation, run not east and west or north and south, but in all directions, so that the view changes every instant and the earth seems as fluid and restless as the ocean.

'We are quite near Sarajevo,' I said. 'It is at the end of this valley.' Though I was right, we did not arrive there for some time. The main road was under repair and we had to make a detour along a road so bad that the mud spouted higher than the car, and after a mile or so our faces and topcoats were covered with it. This is really an undeveloped country; one cannot come and go yet as one chooses.

'Look,' I said, 'the river at Sarajevo runs red. That I think a bit too much. The pathetic fallacy really ought not to play with such painful matters.'

'Yes, it is as blatant as a propagandist poster,' said my husband.

We were standing on the bridge over which the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife would have driven on the morning of June 28, 1914, if they had not been shot by a Bosnian named Gavrilo Princip, just as their car was turning off the embankment.

We shuddered and crossed to the other bank, where there was a little park with a café in it. We sat and drank coffee, looking at the *Pyrus japonica* and the white lilacs that grew all round us, and the people, who were almost as decorative as flowers. At the next table sat a Moslem woman wearing a silk overall striped in lilac and purple and dull blue. Her long narrow hand shot out of its folds to spoon a drop from a glass of water into her coffee cup; here there is Turkish coffee, which carries its grounds in suspension, and the cold drop precipitates them. Her hand shot out again to hold her veil just high enough to let her other hand carry the cup to her lips. When she was not drinking she sat quite still, the light breeze pressing her black veil against her features. Her stillness was more than the habit of a Western

woman, yet the uncovering of her mouth and chin had shown her completely un-Oriental, as luminously fair as any Scandinavian. Farther away two Moslem men sat on a bench and talked politics, beating with their fingers on the headlines of a newspaper. Both were tall, raw-boned, bronze-haired, with eyes crackling with sheer blueness: Danish sea captains, perhaps, had they not been wearing the fez.

We noted then, and were to note again and again as we went about the city, that such sights gave it a special appearance. The costume which we regarded as the distinguishing badge of an Oriental race, proof positive that the European frontier has been crossed, is worn by people far less Oriental in aspect than, say, the Latins; and this makes Sarajevo look like a fancy-dress ball. There is also an air of immense luxury about the town, of unwavering dedication to pleasure, which makes it credible that it would hold a festivity on so extensive and costly a scale.

This air is, strictly speaking, a deception, since Sarajevo is stuffed with poverty of a most denuded kind. The standard of living among the working classes is lower than even in our great Western cities. But there is also a solid foundation of moderate wealth. The Moslems here scorned trade, but they were landowners, and their descendants hold the remnants of their fortunes and are now functionaries and professional men. The trade they rejected fell into the hands of the Christians, who therefore grew in the towns to be a wealthy and privileged class, completely out of touch with the oppressed Christian peasants outside the city walls. There is also a Jewish colony here, descended from a group of Jews who came from Spain after the decrees of Ferdinand and Isabella and grafted themselves on an older group that had been in the Balkans from time immemorial; it has acquired great wealth and culture. So the town lies full-fed in the trough by the red river, and rises

up the bowl of the blunt-ended valley in happy, open suburbs, where handsome houses stand among their fruit trees.

But the air of luxury in Sarajevo has less to do with material goods than with the people. They greet delight here with unreluctant and sturdy appreciation. They are even prudent about it; they will let no drop of pleasure run to waste.

It is good to wear red and gold and blue and green; the women wear them, and in the Moslem bazaar, which covers several acres of the town with its open-fronted shops, there are handkerchiefs and shawls and printed stuffs which say 'Yes' to the idea of brightness as only the very rich, who can go to dressmakers that are conscious specialists in the eccentric, dare to say it in the Western world. Men wash in the marble fountain of the great mosque facing the bazaar, and at the appointed hour prostrate themselves in prayer, with the most comfortable enjoyment of coolness and repose and the performance of a routine in good repute. In the Moslem cookshops they sell the great cartwheel tarts made of fat leaf-thin pastry stuffed with spinach which presuppose that no man will be ashamed of his greed and his liking for grease. The looks the men cast on the veiled women, the gait by which the women admit that they know they are being looked upon, speak of a romanticism that can take its time to dream and resolve because it is the flower of the satisfied flesh.

This tradition of tranquil sensuality is of Moslem origin, and is perhaps still strongest among Moslems, but also on Jewish and Christian faces there can be recognized this steady light, which makes it seem as if the Puritans who banish pleasure and libertines who savage her did worse than we had imagined. We thought of them as destroying harmless beauty, but here we learn to suspect that they throw away an instruction necessary for the mastery of life.

XXVII

We knew we should try to get some sleep before the evening, because Constantine was coming from Belgrade and would want to sit up late and talk. But we hung about too late in the bazaar, watching a queue of men who had lined up to have their fezzes ironed. It is an amusing process. In a steamy shop two Moslems were working, each clapping a fez down on a fez-shaped cone heated inside like an old-fashioned flatiron and then clapping another cone on it and screwing that down very tight, then releasing the fez with a motherly expression. 'What extremely tidy people the Moslems must be,' said my husband; but added, 'There must be some festival tomorrow. We will ask the people at the hotel.' But we were so tired that we forgot, and slept so late that Constantine had to send us up a message that he had arrived and was eager to go out to dinner.

When we came downstairs Constantine was standing in the hall talking to two men, tall and dark and dignified, with the fallow, long-lashed dignity of Sephardim. 'I tell you I have friends everywhere,' he said. 'These are two of my friends; they like me very much. They are Jews from Spain, and they speak beautiful soft Spanish of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, not the Spanish of today, which is hard and guttural as German. Now they will take us to a café where we shall eat a little, but it is not for the eating they are taking us there; it is because they have heard there is a girl there who sings the Bosnian songs very well. It is not for nothing that there are so many mosques in Sarajevo; this is truly the East; and people attach great importance to such things as girls who sing the Bosnian songs, though they are very serious people.'

The men greeted us with beautiful and formal manners, and we went down the street to the café. It could be seen they

liked Constantine half because he is a great poet, half because he is like a funny dog. But at the door they began to think of us and wonder if they should take us to such a place. 'For us and our wives it is nice,' they said, 'but we are used to it. Perhaps for an English lady it will seem rather strange. There are sometimes dancers . . . well, there is one now.' A stout woman clad in sequined pink muslin trousers and brassière was standing on a platform revolving her stomach in time to the music of a piano and violin, and as we entered she changed her subject matter and began to revolve her large firm breasts in opposite directions. This gave an effect of hard, mechanical magic; it was as if two cannonballs were rolling away from each other but were forever kept contingent by some invisible power of attraction.

'Your wife does not mind?' asked the judge and the banker.

'I think not,' said my husband.

As we went down the aisle one of the cannonballs ceased to revolve, though the other went on rolling quicker than ever, while the woman cried out my name in tones of familiarity and welcome. The judge and the banker showed no signs of having witnessed this greeting. As we sat down I felt embarrassed by their silence and said, in explanation, 'How extraordinary I should come across this woman again!'

'I beg your pardon?' said the judge.

'How extraordinary it is,' I repeated, 'that I should come across this woman again. I met her last year in Macedonia.'

'Oh, it is you that she knows!' exclaimed the judge and the banker, and I perceived that they had thought she was a friend of my husband's.

I was really very glad to see her again. When Constantine and I had been in Skoplje the previous Easter he had taken me to a night club in the Moslem quarter. That form of entertainment which we think of as peculiarly modern Western

and profligate was actually far more at home in the ancient and poverty-stricken Near East. In any sizable village in Macedonia I think you would find at least one café where a girl sang and there was music. In Skoplje, which has under seventy thousand inhabitants, there are many such, including a night club almost on a Trocadero scale. In this small Moslem cabaret I think there was nobody more opulent than a small shopkeeper, but the performers numbered a male gypsy who sang and played the gusla, a very beautiful Serbian singer, a still more beautiful gypsy girl who sang and danced, and this *danseuse de ventre*, who was called Astra. When Astra came round and rattled the plate at our table I found she was a Salonica Jewess, member of another colony of refugees from Ferdinand and Isabella who still speak Spanish, and I asked her to come and see me the next day at my hotel and give me a lesson in the *danse de ventre*.

She was with me earlier than I had expected, at ten o'clock, wearing a curious coat frock, of a pattern and inexpert make which suggested she had hardly any occasion to be fully dressed, and that she would have liked to be a housewife in a row of houses all exactly alike. The lesson in the *danse de ventre* was not a success. I picked up the movement wonderfully, she said. I had it perfectly, but I could not produce the right effect. '*Voyez vous, madame*,' she said, in the slow French she had picked up in a single term at a mission school, '*vous n'avez pas de quoi*.' It is the only time in my life that I have been reproached with undue slenderness; but I suppose Astra herself weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, though she carried no loose flesh, like a fat Western woman, but was solid and elastic. After the lesson had failed we sat and talked.

When Astra came to our table later that evening she told me that she hoped to be in Sarajevo for some weeks longer, and that she was happier here than she had been in Skoplje. '*Ici*,' she pro-

nounced, '*les gens sont beaucoup plus cultivés*.' As soon as she had gone I found at my shoulder the Swabian chauffeur from Dubrovnik, whom we had paid off that afternoon. 'Why is that woman talking to you?' he said. He always disconcerted me by his interventions. I was always afraid that if I said to him, 'What business is this of yours?' he would answer, in the loathsome manner of a miracle play, 'I am Reason' or 'I am Conscience,' and that it would be true. So I stammered, 'I know her.'

'You cannot know such a person,' he said. 'Do you mean you have been in some café where she has performed?'

'Yes, yes,' I said. 'It was in Skoplje, and she is a very nice woman. She has a son of whom she is very fond.'

'How do you know she has a son?' asked the chauffeur.

'She told me so,' I said.

'You do not have to believe everything that such a person tells you,' said the chauffeur.

'But I am sure it is true,' I exclaimed hotly, 'and I am very sorry for her.'

The chauffeur gave me a glance too heavily veiled by respect to be respectful, and then looked at my husband, but sighed, as if to remind himself that he would find no help there. Suddenly he picked up my bag and said, 'I came to say that I had remembered I had forgotten to take that grease spot out with petrol as I had promised you, so I will take it outside and do it now.' He then bowed, and left me.

I thought, 'He is really too conscientious. This is very inconvenient, for now I have no powder.' But of course he would not have thought it necessary for me to have any powder.

But my attention was immediately diverted. A very handsome young man had come up to our table in a state of extreme anger; he was even angrier than any of the angry young men in Dalmatia. He evidently knew Constantine and the judge and the banker, but he did not

give them any formal greeting. Though his hair was bronze and his eyes crackled with blueness, and he might have been brother to the two Moslems we had seen talking politics in the park that afternoon, he cried out, 'What about the accursed Turks?'

The judge and the banker made no reply, but Constantine said, 'Well, it was not I who made them.'

The young man insisted, 'But you serve our precious government, don't you?'

'Yes,' said Constantine, 'for the sake of my country, and perhaps a little for the sake of my soul, I have given up the deep peace of being in opposition.'

'Then perhaps you can explain why your Belgrade gangster politicians have devised this method of insulting us Bosnians,' said the young man. 'We are used,' he said, stretching his arms wide and shouting, 'to their iniquities. We have seen them insulting our brothers the Croats, we have seen them spitting in the faces of all those who love liberty. But usually there is some sense in what they do; they either put money in their pockets or they consolidate their tyranny. But this crazy burlesque can bring them no profit. It can be done for no purpose but to wound the pride of us Bosnians. Will you be polite enough to explain a little why your horde of thugs and thieves have formed this curious intention of paying this unprovoked insult to a people whose part it should be to insult rather than be insulted?'

The judge leaned over to me and whispered, 'It is all right, madame; they are just talking a little about politics.'

'But what has the government done to insult Bosnia?' I asked.

'It has arranged,' said the banker, 'that the Turkish Prime Minister and Minister of War, who are in Belgrade discussing our military alliance with them, are to come here tomorrow to be received by the Moslem population.'

'Ah,' said my husband, 'that accounts for all the fezzes being ironed. Do many

people take the visit like this young man?'

'No,' said the banker. 'He is a very extreme young man.'

'I would not say so,' said the judge, sadly.

At that moment the young man smashed his fist down on the table and cried into Constantine's face, 'Judas Iscariot! Judas Iscariot!'

'No,' said poor Constantine to his back, 'I am not Judas Iscariot. I have indeed never been quite sure which of the disciples I do resemble, but it is a very sweet little one, the most mignon of them all.' He applied himself to the business of eating a line of little pieces of strongly seasoned meat that had been broiled on a skewer; and when he set it down wistfulness was wet in his round black eyes. 'All the same, I do not like it, what that young man said. It was not agreeable. Dear God, I wish the young would be more agreeable to my generation, for we suffered very much in the war, and if it were not for us they would be slaves under the Austrians.'

XXVIII

One morning we walked down to the river, a brightening day shining down from the skies and up from puddles. A Moslem boy sold us an armful of wet lilacs; a pigeon flew up from a bath in a puddle, its wings dismissing watery diamonds. 'Now it is the spring,' said Constantine, 'I think we shall have good weather for our trip. Yes, all will be very well.' When he is pleased with his country he walks processionally, with his stomach well forward. 'But see what we told you the other night,' he said, as we came to the embankment and saw the town hall. 'Under the Austrians all was for the Moslems. Look at this building — it is as Moslem as a mosque, yet always since the Turks were driven out of Bosnia the Christians have been two thirds of the population. So did the Catholic Hapsburgs deny their faith.'

But actually it is the Moslems who have most reason to complain of this town hall, for their architecture in Sarajevo is exquisite in its restraint and amiability, and even in modern times has been true to that tradition. But this was designed by an Austrian architect, and it is stuffed with beer and sausages down to its toes. Within, however, it is very agreeable, and remarkably full of light; and in an office high up we found a tourist bureau, conducted with passion by a man in the beginnings of middle life, a great lover of his city. He dealt us out photographs of it for some time, pausing to gloat over them, but stopped when Constantine said, 'Show these English the room where they held the reception which was the last thing the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Archduchess saw of their fellow men.' The head of the tourist bureau bowed as if he had received a compliment and led us out into the council chamber, not unsuccessful in its effort at Moslem pomp. 'All is Moslem here,' said the head of the tourist bureau, 'and even now that we are Yugoslavian the mayor is always a Moslem, and that is right. Perhaps it helps us by conciliating the Moslems, but even if it did not we ought to do it. For no matter how many Christians we may be here, and no matter what we make of the city, — and we are doing wonderful things with it, — the genius that formed it in the first place was Moslem, and again Moslem, and again Moslem.'

But the three reception rooms were as libelous as the exterior. They were pedantically yet monstrously decorated in imitation of certain famous buildings of Constantinople, raising domes like gilded honeycomb tripe, pressing down between the vaults polychrome stumps like vast inverted Roman candles. That this was the copy of something gorgeous could be seen; it could also be seen that the copyist had been by blood incapable of comprehending that gorgeousness. Punch-drunk from this architectural as-

sault, I lowered my eyes and the world seemed to reel. And here, it appeared, the world had once actually reeled.

'It was just over here that I stood with my father,' said the head of the tourist bureau. 'My father had been downstairs in the hall among those who received the Archduke and Archduchess, and had seen the Archduke come in, red and choking with rage. Just a little way along the embankment a young man, Chabrinovitch, had thrown a bomb at him and had wounded his aide-de-camp. So when the poor mayor began to read his address of welcome the Archduke shouted out in a thin alto, "That's all a lot of rot. I come here to pay you a visit, and you throw bombs at me. It's an outrage." Then the Archduchess spoke to him softly, and he calmed down, and said, "Oh, well, you can go on." But at the end of the speech there was another scene, because the Archduke had not got his speech, and for a moment the secretary who had it could not be found. Then when it was brought to him he was like a madman because the manuscript was all spattered with the aide-de-camp's blood.'

'But he read the speech, and then came up here with the Archduchess, into this room. My father followed, in such a state of astonishment that he walked over and took my hand and stood beside me, squeezing it very tightly. We all could not take our eyes off the Archduke, but not as you look at the main person in a Court spectacle. We could not think of him as royalty at all, he was so incredibly strange. He was striding quite grotesquely; he was lifting his legs as high as if he were doing the goose step. I suppose he was trying to show that he was not afraid.'

'I tell you, it was not at all like a reception. He was talking with the Military Governor, General Potoriek, jeering at him and taunting him with his failure to preserve order. And we were all silent, not because we were impressed by him, for he was not at all our Bosnian idea of a

hero. But we all felt awkward because we knew that when he went out he would certainly be killed. No, it was not a matter of being told. But we knew how the people felt about him and the Austrians, and we knew that if one man had thrown a bomb and failed, another man would throw another bomb, and another after that if he should fail. I tell you it gave a very strange feeling to the assembly. Then I remember he went out on the balcony — so — and looked out over Sarajevo. Yes, he stood just where you are standing, and he too put his arm on the balustrade.'

Before the balcony the town rises on the other side of the river, in a gentle slope. Stout urban buildings stand among tall poplars, and above them white villas stand among orchards, and on higher still the white cylindrical tombs of the Moslems stick askew in the rough grass like darts impaled on the board. Then fir woods and bare bluffs meet the skyline. Under Franz Ferdinand's eye the scene must have looked its most enchanting blend of town and country, for, though it was June, there had been heavy restoring rains. But it is not right to assume that the sign gave him pleasure. He was essentially a Hapsburg — that is to say, his blood made him turn always from the natural to the artificial, even when this was more terrifying than the primitive; and this landscape showed him on its heights nature unsubdued, and on its slopes nature accepted and extolled.

Perhaps Franz Ferdinand felt a patriotic glow at the sight of the immense brewery in the foreground, which was built by the Austrians to supply the needs of their garrison and functionaries. These breweries, which are to be found here and there in Bosnia, throw a light on the aggressive nature of Austrian foreign policy and its sordid consequences. They were founded while it was still Turkish, by speculators whose friends in the government were aware of Austria's plans for occupation and an-

nexation. They also have their significance in their affront to local resources. There is an abundance of cheap and good wine here. But what was Austrian was good, and what was Slav was bad.

It is unjust, however, to say that Franz Ferdinand had no contact with nature. The room behind him was full of people who were watching him with the impersonal awe evoked by anybody who is about to die; but it may be imagined also as crammed — how closely can be judged only by those who have decided how many angels can dance on the point of a needle — by the ghosts of the innumerable birds and beasts who had fallen to his gun. He was a superb shot, and that is certainly a fine thing for a man to be, proof that he is a good animal, quick in eye and hand and hardy under weather. But of his gift Franz Ferdinand made a murderous use. He liked to kill and kill and kill, unlike men who shoot to get food or who have kept in touch with the primitive life in which the original purpose of shooting is remembered. Prodigious figures are given of the game that fell to the double-barreled Mannlicher rifles which were specially made for him. At a boar hunt given by Kaiser Wilhelm, sixty boars were let out and Franz Ferdinand had the first stand: fifty-nine fell dead, the sixtieth limped by on three legs. At a Czech castle in one day's sport he bagged two thousand, one hundred and fifty pieces of small game. Not long before his death he expressed satisfaction because he had killed his three-thousandth stag.

This capacity for butchery he used to express the hatred which he felt for nearly all the world, which indeed, it is safe to say, he bore against the whole world, except his wife and his two children. He had that sense of being betrayed by life itself which comes to people who wrestle through long years with a chronic and dangerous malady; it is strange that both King Alexander of Yugoslavia and he had fought for

half their days against tuberculosis. But Franz Ferdinand had been embittered by his environment, as Alexander was not. The indiscipline and brutality of the officials who controlled the Hapsburg Court exceeded anything that was ever seen at Versailles. It happened that for some years it looked as if Franz Ferdinand would not recover from his illness, and during the whole of this time the Department of the Lord High Steward, believing that he would soon be dead, cut down his expenses to the quick in order to get the praises of the Emperor Franz Josef for economy. Penniless in spite of the great art collections he had inherited, he was grudging the most modest allowance, and even his doctor was underpaid and insulted. This maltreatment ended when it became obvious that he was going to live, but by that time his mind was set in a mould of hatred and resentment, and though he could not shoot his enemies he found some relief in shooting, it did not matter what.

It may be conceived, therefore, that even as the game which Saint Julian Hospitaler had killed as a cruel hunter appeared before him on the night when he was going to accomplish his destiny and become the murderer of his father and mother, so the half million beasts which had fallen to Franz Ferdinand's gun, according to his own calculations, were present that day in the reception hall at Sarajevo. One can conceive the space of this room stuffed all the way up to the crimson and gold vaults and stalactites with the furred and feathered ghosts, set close, because there were so many of them — stags with the air between their antlers stuffed with woodcock, quail, pheasant, partridge, ptarmigan, and the like; boars standing bristling flank to flank, the breadth under their broad bellies packed with layer upon layer of hares and rabbits. Their animal eyes, clear and dark as water, would brightly watch the approach of their slayer to an end that exactly resembled their own.

For Franz Ferdinand's greatness as a hunter had depended not only on his preëminence as a shot, but also on his power of organizing battues. He was specially proud of improvement he had made in the hunting of hare: his beaters, placed in a pear-shaped formation, drove all the hares towards him so that he was able without effort to exceed the bag of all other guns. Not a beast that fell to him in these battues could have escaped by its own strength or cunning, even if it had been a genius among its kind. The earth and sky were narrowed for it by the beaters to just one spot, the spot where it must die; and so it was with this man. If by some miracle he had been able to turn round and address the people in the room behind him, not with his usual aggressiveness and angularity, but in terms which would have made him acceptable to them as a suffering fellow creature, still they could not have saved him. If by some miracle his slow-working and clumsy mind could have become swift and subtle, it could not have shown him a safe road out of Sarajevo. Long ago he himself, and the blood which was in his veins, had placed the beaters at their posts who should drive him down through a narrowing world to the spot where Pincip's bullet should find him.

XXIX

Through Franz Ferdinand's mother, the hollow-eyed Annunziata, he was the grandson of King Bomba of the Sicilies, one of the worst of the Bourbons, an idiot despot who conducted a massacre of his subjects after 1848, and on being expelled from Naples retired into a fortress and lived the life of a mediæval tyrant right on until the end of the fifties. This ancestry had given Franz Ferdinand tuberculosis, obstinacy, bigotry, a habit of suspicion, hatred of democracy, and an itch for aggression, which, combined with the Hapsburg narrowness and indiscipline, made him a

human being who could not have hoped to survive had he not been royal. When he went to Egypt to spend the winter for the sake of his lungs, it appeared to him necessary, and nobody who knew him would have expected anything else, to insult the Austrian Ambassador. By the time he had passed through his twenties, he had made an army of personal enemies, which he constantly increased by his intemperate and uninstructed political hatreds. He hated Hungary; the name of Kossuth made him spit with rage. When receiving a deputation of Slovaks, though they were not a people he would naturally have had much sympathy with, he said of the Hungarians, 'It was an act of bad taste on the part of these gentlemen ever to have come to Europe,' which must remain an ace in the history of royal indiscretion.

He had a dream of replacing the Dual Monarchy by a Constitutional Trinity, in which the German and Croat Crown lands should form the first part, Hungary the second, and the South Slav group — Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina — the third. This would have pleased the Croats, and the Croats alone. Most German Austrians would have been infuriated at having to combine with the Czechs and see the South Slavs treated as their equals; Hungary would have been enraged at losing her power over the South Slavs; and the non-Catholic South Slavs would have justly feared being made the object of Catholic propaganda and would have resented being cut off from their natural ambition of union with the Serbs of Serbia. By this scheme, therefore, he made a host of enemies; and though he came in time to abandon it, he could not quickly turn these enemies into friends by making public his change of mind. As he was only the heir to the throne, he could announce his policy only by the slow method of communicating it to private individuals.

He abandoned his plan of the Triune Monarchy, moreover, for reasons too

delicate to be freely discussed. In 1896, when he was thirty-three, he had paid some duty calls on the Czech home of his cousins, the Archduke Frederick and the Archduchess Isabella, to see if he found one of their many daughters acceptable as his bride. Instead he fell in love with the Archduchess's lady-in-waiting, Sophie Chotek, a woman of thirty-two, noble but destitute. He insisted on marrying her in spite of the agonized objection of the Emperor Franz Josef, who pointed out to him that according to the Pragmatic Sanction, the secret law of the Monarchy, a woman of such low birth could not come to the throne as consort of the Emperor.

It was not a question of permission that could be bestowed or withheld, but of a rigid legal fact. If Franz Ferdinand was to marry Sophie Chotek at all, he must do it morganatically, and must renounce all rights of succession for the unborn children of their marriage; he could no more marry her any other way than a man with a living and undivorced wife can marry a second woman, though the infringement here was of an unpublished dynastic regulation instead of the published law.

Himself a typical product of Hapsburg indiscipline, Franz Ferdinand made no allowances when his relatives and the officials of the Court reacted to his marriage with a like indiscipline. Franz Josef's chamberlain, Prince Montenuovo, was one of the strangest figures in Europe of our time — a character that Shakespeare decided at the last moment not to use in *King Lear* or *Othello*, and laid by so carelessly that it fell out of art into life. He was a man of exquisite taste and æsthetic courage, who protected the artists of Vienna against the apathy of the Court and the imprudence of the bourgeoisie. The Vienna Imperial Opera under Mahler was his special pride and care. But he was the son of one of the bastard sons mothered by the wretched Marie Louise, when, unsustained by the judgment of historians yet unborn that

she was and should have been perfectly happy in her forced marriage with Napoleon, she took refuge in the arms of Baron Neipperg. To be the bastard son of a race so great that it could make bastardy as noble as legitimacy, but great only because its legitimacy was untainted with bastardy, confused this imaginative man with a passionate and poetic and malignant madness. He watched over the rules of Hapsburg ceremonial as over a case of poisons which he believed to compose the elixir of life if they were combined in the correct proportions: there was death here and life. 'And now for the strychnine,' he must have said when he began to devise the adjustments necessitated by the presence at the Court of a morganatic wife to the heir of the throne. Countess Sophie was excluded altogether from most intimate functions of the Austrian Court; she could not accompany her husband to the family receptions or to parties given for foreign royalties, or even to the most exclusive kinds of Court balls. At the semi-public kind of Court balls she was allowed to attend, her husband had to head the procession with an archduchess on his arm, while she was forced to walk at the very end, behind the youngest princess. The Emperor did what he could to mitigate the situation by creating her the Duchess of Hohenburg; but the obsessed Montenuovo hovered over her, striving to excavate every possible humiliation, never happier than when he could hold her back from entering a Court carriage or cut down to the minimum the salutes and attendants called for by any State occasion.

Franz Ferdinand had been given, for his Viennese home, the superb palace and park known as the Belvedere, which had been built by Prince Eugène of Savoy. He now made it the centre of what the historian Tschuppik has called a shadow government. He set up a military chancellery of his own, to which presently the Emperor Franz Josef, who

always treated his nephew with a remarkable degree of tenderness and forbearance, though not with tact, resigned his control over the army. But this chancellery dealt with much more than military matters, attracting every able man in Austria who had been ignored or rejected by the Court of Franz Josef. And Franz Ferdinand became day by day less lovable. His knowledge that he could not leave the royal path of his future to his children made him fanatically mean and grasping; and his manner became more and more overbearing and brutal. He roused in small men small resentments, and, in the minds of the really able men, large distrust. They saw that, though he was shrewd enough to realize that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was falling to pieces when most of his kind were wholly blind to its decay, he was fundamentally stupid and cruel and regarded his problem as only one of selecting the proper objects for tyranny.

Some of them feared a resort to mediæval oppression; some feared the damage to specific interests, particularly in Hungary, which was bound to follow his resettlement of the Empire. Such fears must have gained in intensity when it became evident that Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany was taking more and more interest in Franz Ferdinand, and was visiting him at his country homes and holding long conversations with him on important matters. The last visit of this kind had occurred a fortnight before the Archduke came to Sarajevo. There is a rumor that on that occasion Kaiser Wilhelm laid before Franz Ferdinand a plan for re-making the map of Europe — that the Austro-Hungarian and German empires should be free, and that Franz Ferdinand's eldest son should become king of a new Poland stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, while the second son became king of Bohemia, Hungary, Croatia and Serbia, and Franz Ferdinand's official heir, his nephew Charles,

should be left as king of German Austria. It is certain that Kaiser Wilhelm must at that moment have had many important things on his mind, and it is hardly likely that he would have paid such a visit unless he had something grave to say. But it is definitely known that on this occasion Franz Ferdinand expressed bitter hostility to the Hungarian aristocracy. It is also known that these remarks were repeated at the time by Kaiser Wilhelm to a third person.

The manners of Franz Ferdinand did worse for him than make him enemies. They made him gangster friends, who may become enemies at any moment with the deadly weapon of a friend's close knowledge. Franz Ferdinand's plainest sign of intelligence was his capacity for recognizing a certain type of unscrupulous ability. He had discovered Aehrenthal, the clever trickster who as Austrian Minister had managed to convert the provisional occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina into annexation behind the backs of the other Great Powers in 1907. Since Aehrenthal on his deathbed had recommended Berchtold to succeed him, that incompetent war-monger might also be counted as one of the works of Franz Ferdinand. But an even greater favorite of his had been Conrad von Hötzendorf, whom he had made the Chief of General Staff. This creature, who was without sense or bowels, fancied himself not only as a great soldier but as a statesman, and would have directed the foreign policy of his country had he been allowed. He was obsessed by the need of preserving the Austro-Hungarian Empire by an offensive against Serbia. 'Lest all our predestined foes, having perfected their armaments, should deliver a blow against Austria-Hungary,' he wrote in a memorial he presented to Franz Josef in 1907 which was followed by many like it, 'we must take the first opportunity of reckoning with our most vulnerable enemy.'

In the intervening seven years this obsession had flamed up into a mania. In 1911 Franz Josef, with the definite statement that his policy was pacific and that he would permit no question of an offensive war, with Aehrenthal's consent dismissed him from his post and made him an Inspector General of the Army. But Franz Ferdinand still stood by him, and so did all the partisans of the Belvedere, who numbered enough industrialists, bankers, journalists, and politicians to make plain the decadence of pre-war Vienna. But Berchtold was impressed by him, and in 1912 he was once more appointed Chief of General Staff. He was preaching the same gospel. 'The way out of our difficulties,' he wrote to Berchtold, 'is to lay Serbia low without fear of consequences.'

But at this time Franz Ferdinand's convictions had taken a new turn. He was becoming more and more subject to the influence of the German Kaiser, and Germany had no desire at that time for war, particularly with a Balkan pretext. In 1913 Berchtold had to tell Conrad, 'The Archduke Franz Ferdinand is absolutely against war.' At this Conrad became more and more desperate. His influence over Berchtold had been sufficient to make the latter refuse to see the Prime Minister of Serbia when he offered to go to Vienna to negotiate a treaty with Austria, covering every possible point of dispute. He persuaded him, moreover, to withhold all knowledge of this pacific offer from either Franz Josef or Franz Ferdinand. This is the great criminal act which gives us the right to curse Berchtold and Conrad as the true instigators of the First World War.

XXX

Such enemies surrounded Franz Ferdinand; but it cannot be laid at their door that he had come to Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. This was a day of some personal significance to him. On that date in 1900 he had gone to the Hofburg in

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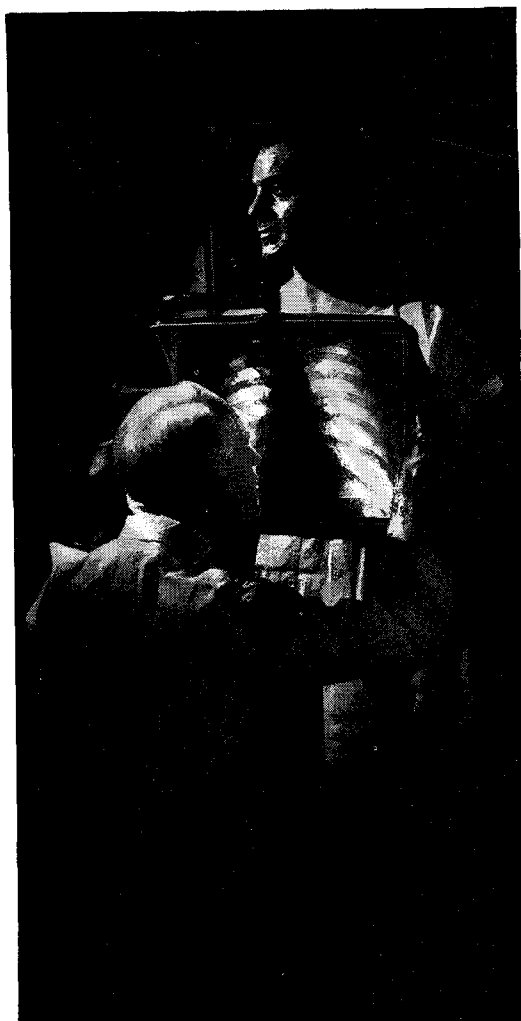
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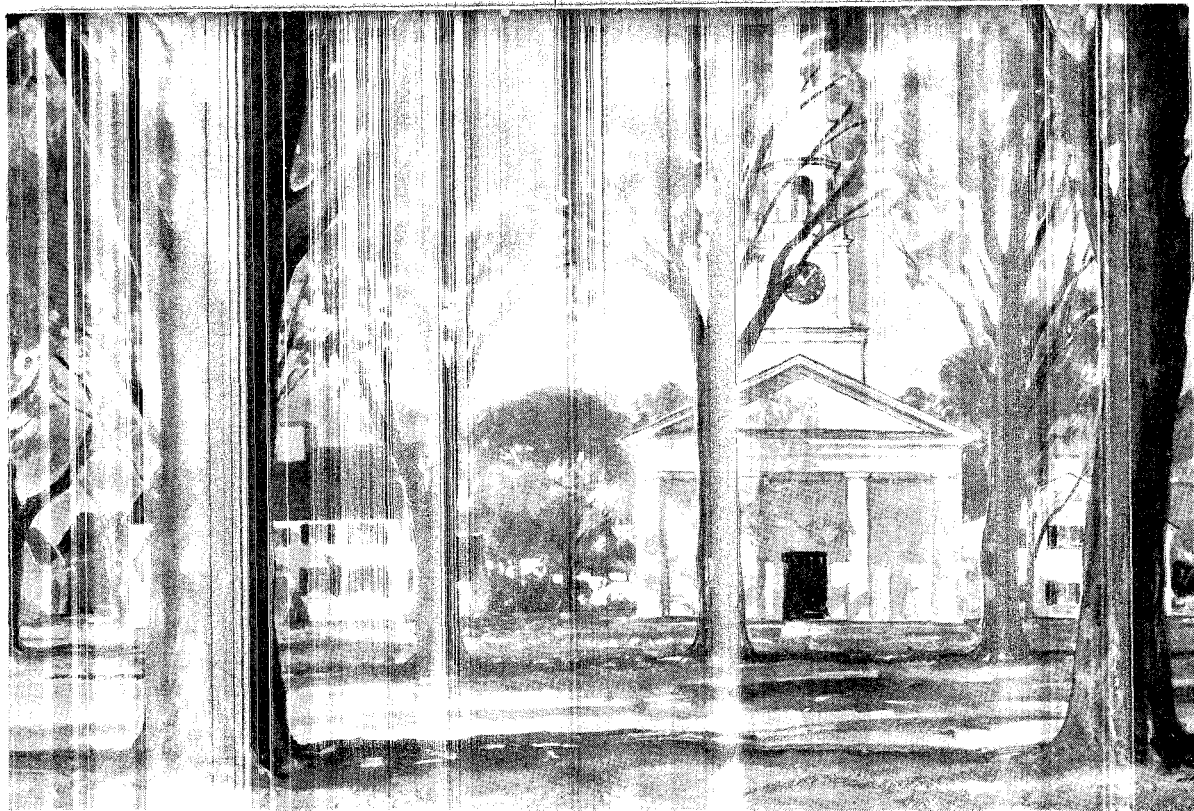
the presence of the Emperor and the whole Court, and all holders of office had, in choking tones, taken the oath to renounce the royal rights of his unborn children. But it was also a day of immense personal significance for the Slav people. June 28 is the feast day of Saint Vitus, who is one of those saints that are lucky to find a place in the Christian character, since they started life as pagan deities; he was originally Vidd, a Finnish-Ugric deity. It is also the anniversary of the Battle of Kossovo, where, five centuries before, the Serbs had lost their empire to the Turk. It had been a day of holy mourning for the Serbian people within the Serbian kingdom and the Austrian Empire, when they had confronted their disgrace and vowed to redeem it, until the year 1912, when Serbia's victory over the Turks at Kumanovo wiped it out. But, since 1913 had still been a time of war, the Saint Vitus day of 1914 was the first anniversary which might have been celebrated by the Serbs in joy and pride. Franz Ferdinand must have been aware that he was regarded as an enemy of Serbia. He must have known that if he went to Bosnia and conducted manoeuvres on the Serbian frontier just before Saint Vitus's Day, and on the actual anniversary paid a State visit to Sarajevo, he would be understood to be mocking the Slav world, to be telling them that, though the Serbs might have freed themselves from the Turks, there were still many Slavs under the Austrians' yoke.

To pay that visit was an act so suicidal that one fumbles the pages of the history books to find if there is not some explanation of his going, if he was not subject to some compulsion. But if ever a man went anywhere of his own free will, Franz Ferdinand went so to Sarajevo. He himself ordered the manoeuvres and decided to attend them. The Emperor Franz Josef in the presence of witnesses told him that he need not go unless he wished. Yet it appears incon-

ceivable that he should not have known that the whole of Bosnia was seething with revolt, and that almost every schoolboy and student in the province was a member of some revolutionary society.

Even if the extraordinary isolation that afflicts royal personages had previously prevented him from sharing this common knowledge, steps were taken to remove his ignorance. But here his temperament intervened on behalf of his own death. The Serbian Government — which by this single act acquitted itself of all moral blame for the assassination — sent its Minister in Vienna to warn Bilinski, the Joint Finance Minister who was responsible for the civil administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, that the proposed visit of Franz Ferdinand would enrage many Slavs on both sides of the frontier and might cause consequences which neither government could control. Bilinski, however, was an Austrian Pole; Ferdinand loathed all his race, and had bitterly expressed his resentment that any of them were allowed to hold high office. Bilinski was also a close confidant of old Franz Josef and an advocate of a conciliatory policy in the Slav provinces. Thus it happened that when he conscientiously went to transmit this message his warnings were received not only with incredulity but in a way that made it not only psychologically but materially impossible to repeat them.

Franz Ferdinand never informed in advance either the Austrian or the Hungarian Government of the arrangements he had made with the Army to visit Bosnia, and he seems to have worked earnestly and ingeniously, as people will to get up a bazaar, to insult the civil authorities. When he printed the program of his journey he sent it to all the Ministries except the Joint Ministry of Finance; and he ordered that no invitations for the ball which he gave after the manoeuvres outside Sarajevo, at Ilidze, were to be sent to any of the Finance



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Ministry officials. It was as if a Prince of Wales had traveled through India brutally insulting the Indian Civil Service and the India Office. There was a thoroughly Hapsburg reason for this. Since the military authorities were in charge of all the arrangements, it had been easy for Franz Ferdinand to arrange that for the first time on Hapsburg territory royal honors were to be paid to his wife. This could not have happened without much more discussion if the civil authorities had been involved. Its result was final and bloody. Bilinski could not protest against Franz Ferdinand's visit to Sarajevo when he was not sure it was going to take place, in an atmosphere of such indelicate rage. He could not even supervise the arrangements for policing the streets. With incredible ingenuity, Franz Ferdinand had created a situation in which those whose business it was to protect him could not take one step towards his protection.

When Franz Ferdinand returned from the balcony into the reception room his face became radiant and serene, because he saw before him his wife. She had been in an upper room of the town hall, meeting a number of ladies belonging to the chief Moslem families of the town, in order that she might condescendingly admire their costumes and manners, as is the habit of barbarians who have conquered an ancient culture; and she had now made the proposal that on the return journey she and her husband should alter their program by going to the hospital to make inquiries about the officer wounded by Chabrinovitch. Nothing can ever be known about the attitude of this woman toward that day's events. She was a woman who could not communicate with her fellow creatures. We know only of her outer appearance and behavior. We know that she had a heavy yet pinched and aphrodisiac face, that in a day when women were bred to look like table birds she took this convention of amplitude and expressed it

with the rigidity of the drill sergeant. We know that she impressed those who knew her as absorbed in snobbish ambitions and petty resentments, and that she had as her chief ingratiating tribute a talent for mimicry, which is often the sport of an unloving and derisive soul.

But we also know that she and Franz Ferdinand felt for each other what cannot be denied to have been a great love. Each found in the other a perpetual assurance that the meaning of life is kind; each gave the other that assurance in terms suited to their changing circumstances and with inexhaustible resourcefulness and good will; it is believed by those who knew them best that neither of them ever fell from the heights of their relationship and reproached the other for the hardships that their marriage had brought upon them. That is to say that the boar we know as Franz Ferdinand and the small-minded fury we know as Countess Sophie Chotek are not the ultimate truth about these people. These were the pragmatic conceptions of the pair that those who met them had to use if they were to escape unhurt, but the whole truth about their natures must certainly have been to some degree beautiful.

But even in this field where Sophie Chotek's beauty lay she was dangerous. Like her husband, she could see no point in consistency, which is the very mortar of society. She bitterly resented her position as a morganatic wife because of her noble birth. It was infamous, she felt, that a Chotek should be treated in this way. It never occurred to her that Choteks had a value only because they had been accorded it by a system, which, for reasons that were perfectly valid at the time, accorded the Hapsburgs a greater value; and that if those reasons had ceased to be valid, and the Hapsburgs should no longer be treated as supreme, then the Choteks also had lost their claim to eminence.

Sophie's proposal that they should

Man's Castle

NO MATTER how expert a word-carpenter may be, there are certain fundamental emo-

tions which cannot be adequately expressed without verging closely on bathos. Emotions which are so much a part of our make-up that they have been written and talked about excessively. Hence, any attempt now to deal with them runs a grave risk of both seeming and sounding mawkish.

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To others, perhaps it's a grander place. A four-square Georgian house, serenely aware of its quality and blandly ignorant of change. Or a curlicued house, a little shabby, now, with its fretwork more than a trifle battered, but still, quietly, cheerfully expressive of the fact that it surrounded the hearth of a family, a unit of individuals who blend imperceptibly into a nation. Perhaps in this day and age, it may be an apartment building, barely distinguishable from its neighbors, made unique only by the individual cellules within it, cellules that imprison within their narrow walls, all the sentiment, all the genuinely inexpressible feeling evoked by the simple monosyllable—home.

* * * * *

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visit the wounded aide-de-camp in hospital would be comprehensible only if the speakers had been drunk or living through a long, fevered night; but they were sober, and, though they were facing horror, they were facing it at ten o'clock on a June morning. Franz Ferdinand actually asked Potoriek if he thought any bombs would be thrown at them during their drive away from the town hall. This question is incredibly imbecile. If Potoriek had not known enough to regard the first attack as probable, there was no reason to ascribe any value whatsoever to his opinion on the probability of a second attack.

There was one obvious suggestion which it would have been natural for either Franz Ferdinand or Potoriek to make. The streets were quite inadequately guarded, otherwise Chabrino-vitch could not have made his attack. Therefore it was advisable that Ferdinand and his wife should remain at the town hall until adequate numbers of the seventy thousand troops who were within no great distance of the town were sent for to line the streets. This is a plan one would think would have been instantly brought to men's minds by the mere fact that they were responsible for the safety of a woman.

But they never suggested anything like it, and Potoriek gave to Franz Ferdinand's astonishing question the astonishing answer that he was sure no second attack would be made. It is incredible that he should have been so imprudent, particularly as he knew that any investigation would bring to light that he had failed to take for Franz Ferdinand any of the precautions that had been taken for Franz Josef on his visit to Sarajevo seven years before, when all strangers had been evacuated from the town, all anti-Austrians confined to their houses, and the streets lined with a double cordon of troops and peppered with detectives. It is only credible if one knew that Potoriek had received assurances that if anything happened to

Franz Ferdinand there would be no investigation afterwards that needed to be feared. Indeed, it would be easy to suspect that Potoriek deliberately sent Franz Ferdinand to his death, were it not that it must have looked beforehand as if that death must be shared by Potoriek, as they were both riding in the same carriage.

It is, of course, true that Potoriek shared Conrad's belief that a war against Serbia was a sacred necessity, and had written to him on one occasion expressing the desperate opinion that, rather than not have war, he would run the risk of provoking a world war and being defeated in it; and throughout the Bosnian manœuvres he had been in the company of Conrad, still thoroughly disgruntled by his dismissal by Franz Ferdinand. It must have been quite plain to them both that the assassination of Franz Ferdinand by a Bosnian Serb would be a superb excuse for declaring war on Serbia.

Still it is hard to believe that Potoriek would have risked his own life to take Franz Ferdinand's, considering that in this, a land of sharpshooters, he could easily have arranged for the Archduke's assassination when he was walking in the open country. It is extremely doubtful, also, if any conspirators would have consented to Potoriek's risking his life, for his influence and military skill would have been too useful to them to throw away.

Yet there is an incident arising out of this conversation which can only be explained by the existence of relentless treachery somewhere among Franz Ferdinand's entourage. It was agreed that the royal party should, on leaving the town hall, follow the route that had been originally announced for only a few hundred yards: they should drive along the quay to the second bridge, and should then follow a new route, by keeping straight along the quay to the hospital instead of turning to the right and going up a side street that led to the

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principal shopping centre of the town. This had the prime advantage of disappointing any other conspirators who might be waiting in the crowds, after any but the first few hundred yards of the route, and, as Potoriek had also promised that the automobiles should travel at a faster speed, it might have been thought that the Archduke and his wife had a reasonable chance of getting out of Sarajevo alive. So they might, if anybody had given orders to the chauffeur on these points. But either Potoriek never gave these orders to any subordinate, or the subordinate to whom he entrusted them never handed them on.

Either hypothesis is hard to accept. Even allowing for Austrian *Schlamperei*, soldiers and persons in attendance on royalty do not make such mistakes. Yet, though this negligence cannot have been accidental, the way it contrived the death of Franz Ferdinand cannot have been foreseen. The Archduke and his wife and Potoriek left the town hall, taking no farewell whatsoever of the municipal officers who lined the staircase, and went on to the quay and got into their automobile. Franz Ferdinand and Sophie are said to have looked stunned and stiff with apprehension. Count Harrach, an Austrian general, jumped on the left running board and crouched there with drawn sword, ready to defend the royal pair with his life. The procession was headed by an automobile containing the deputy mayor and a member of the Bosnian Diet; but by another incredible lapse neither of these officials nor their chauffeurs were informed of the change in route. When this first automobile came to the bridge it turned to the right and went up the

side street. The chauffeur of the royal car saw this and was therefore utterly bewildered when Potoriek struck him on the shoulder and shouted, 'What are you doing? We're going the wrong way! We must drive straight along the quay.'

Not having been told how supremely important it was to keep going, the puzzled chauffeur stopped dead at the corner of the side street and the quay. He came to a halt exactly athwart the corner of the side street and the quay. He came to a halt exactly in front of a young Bosnian Serb named Gavrilo Princip, who was one of the members of the same conspiracy as Chabrinovitch and had gone back to make another attempt on the Archduke's life after having failed to draw his revolver on him during the journey to the town hall. As the automobile remained stock-still, Princip was able to take steady aim and shoot Franz Ferdinand in the heart. He was not a very good shot; he could never have brought down his quarry if there had not been this failure to give the chauffeur proper instructions. Harrach could do nothing; he was on the left side of the car, Princip on the right. When Princip saw the stout, stuffed body of the Archduke fall forward he shifted his revolver to take aim at Potoriek. He would have killed him at once had not Sophie thrown herself across the car in one last expression of her great love and drawn Franz Ferdinand to herself with a movement that brought her across the path of the second bullet. She was already dead when Franz Ferdinand murmured to her, 'Sophie, Sophie, live for our children'; and he died a quarter of an hour later. So was your life, and my life, mortally wounded.

(To be concluded)

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